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TENNYSON.

I.

AS we filed slowly out of the Abbey on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 12th of October, there must have occurred to others, I think, as to myself, a whimsical and half-terrifying sense of the symbolic contrast between what we had left and what we emerged upon. Inside, the grey and vitreous atmosphere, the reverberations of music moaning somewhere out of sight, the bones and monuments of the noble dead, reverence, antiquity, beauty, rest. Outside, in the raw air, a tribe of hawkers urging upon the edges of a dense and inquisitive crowd a large sheet of pictures of the pursuit of a flea by a "lady," and more insidious salesmen doing a brisk trade in what they falsely pretended to be "Tennyson's last poem." Next day we read in our newspapers affecting accounts of the emotion displayed by the vast crowds outside the Abbey—horny hands dashing away the tear, seamstresses holding the "little green volumes" to their faces to hide their agitation. Happy for those who could see these things with their fairy telescopes out of the garrets of Fleet Street. I, alas!—though I sought assiduously—could mark nothing of the kind. Entering the Abbey, conducted by courteous policemen through unparalleled masses of the curious, we distinguished patience, good behaviour, cheerful and untiring inquisitiveness, a certain obvious gratitude for an incomprehensible spectacle provided by the authorities, but nothing else. And leaving the Abbey, as I say, the impression was one almost sinister in its abrupt transition. Poetry, authority, the grace and dignity of life, seemed to have been left behind us for ever in that twilight where Tennyson was sleeping with Chaucer and with Dryden.

In recording this impression I desire nothing so little as to appear censorious. Even the external part of the funeral at Westminster seemed, as was said of the similar scene which was enacted there nearly two hundred years ago, "a well-conducted and uncommon public ceremony, where the philosopher can find nothing to condemn, nor the satirist to ridicule." But the contrast between the outside and the inside of the Abbey, a contrast which may possibly have been merely whimsical in itself, served for a parable of the condition of poetry in England as the burial of Tennyson has left it. If it be only the outworn body of this glorious man which we have relinquished to the safeguard of the Minster, gathered to his peers in the fulness of time, we have no serious ground for apprehension, nor, after the first painful moment, even for sorrow. His harvest is ripe, and we hold it in our granaries. The noble physical presence which has been the revered companion of three generations has, indeed, sunk at length;

> Yet would we not disturb him from his tomb,
> Thus sleeping in his Abbey's friendly shade,
> And the rough waves of life for ever laid.

But what if this vast and sounding funeral should prove to have really been the entombment of English poetry? What if it should be the prestige of verse that we left behind us in the Abbey? That is a question which has issues far more serious than the death of any one man, no matter how majestic that man may be.

Poetry is not a democratic art. We are constantly being told by the flexible scribes who live to flatter the multitude that the truest poetry is that which speaks to the million, that moves the great heart of the masses. In his private consciousness no one knows better than the lettered man who writes such sentences that they are not true. Since the pastoral days in which poets made great verses for a little clan, it has never been true that poetry of the noblest kind was really appreciated by the masses. If we take the bulk of what are called educated people, but a very small proportion are genuinely fond of reading. Sift this minority and but a minute residue of it will be found to be sincerely devoted to beautiful poetry. The genuine lovers of verse are so few that if they could be made the subject of a statistical report we should probably be astounded at the smallness of their number. From the purely democratic point of view it is certain that they form a negligible quantity. They would produce no general effect at all if they were not surrounded

by a very much larger number of persons who, without taste for poetry themselves, are yet traditionally impressed with its value, and treat it with conventional respect, buying it a little, frequently conversing about it, pressing to gaze at its famous professors, and competing for places beside the tombs of its prophets. The respect for poetry felt by these persons, although in itself unmeaning, is extremely valuable in its results. It supports the enthusiasm of the few who know and feel for themselves, and it radiates far and wide into the outer masses whose darkness would otherwise be unreached by the very glimmer of these things.

There is no question, however, that the existence in prominent public honour of an art in its essence so aristocratic as poetry, that is to say, so dependent on the suffrages of a few thousand persons who happen to possess, in greater or lesser degree, certain peculiar qualities of mind and ear, is, at the present day, anomalous, and therefore perilous. All this beautiful pinnacled structure of the glory of verse, this splendid position of poetry at the summit of the civil ornaments of the Empire, is built of carven ice, and needs nothing but that the hot popular breath should be turned upon it to sink into so much water. It is kept standing there, flashing and sparkling before our eyes, by a succession of happy accidents. To speak rudely, it is kept there by an effort of bluff on the part of a small influential class.

In reflecting on these facts, I have found myself depressed and terrified at an ebullition of popularity which seems to have struck almost everybody else with extreme satisfaction. It has been very natural that the stupendous honour apparently done to Tennyson, not merely by the few who always valued him, but by the many who might be supposed to stand outside his influence, has been welcomed with delight and enthusiasm. But what is so sinister a circumstance is the excessive character of this exhibition. I think of the funeral of Wordsworth at Grasmere, only forty-two years ago, with a score of persons gathering quietly under the low wall that fenced them from the brawling Rotha; and I turn to the spectacle of the 12th, the vast black crowd in the street, the ten thousand persons refused admittance to the Abbey, the whole enormous popular manifestation.* What does it mean? Is Tennyson, great as he is, a thousand times greater than Wordsworth? Has poetry, in forty years, risen at this ratio in the public estimation? The democracy, I fear, doth protest too much, and there is danger in this hollow reverence.

* See Mr. Hall Caine's interesting article in the *Times* for October 17th.

The danger takes this form. It may at any moment come to be held that the poet, were he the greatest that ever lived, was greater than poetry, the artist more interesting than his art. This was a peril unknown in ancient times. The plays of Shakespeare and his contemporaries were scarcely more closely identified with the man who wrote them than Gothic cathedrals were with their architects. Cowley was the first English poet about whom much personal interest was felt outside the poetic class. Dryden is far more evident to us than the Elizabethans were, yet phantasmal by the side of Pope. Since the age of Anne an interest in the poet, as distinguished from his poetry, has steadily increased; the fashion for Byron, the posthumous curiosity in Shelley and Keats, are examples of the rapid growth of this individualisation in the present century. But since the death of Wordsworth it has taken colossal proportions, without, so far as can be observed, any parallel quickening of the taste for poetry itself. The result is that a very interesting or picturesque figure, if identified with poetry, may attract an amount of attention and admiration which is spurious as regards the poetry, and of no real significance. Tennyson had grown to be by far the most mysterious, august, and singular figure in English society. He represented poetry, and the world now expects its poets to be as picturesque, as aged, and as individual as he was, or else it will pay poetry no attention. I fear, to be brief, that the personal, as distinguished from the purely literary, distinction of Tennyson may strike, for the time being, a serious blow at the vitality of poetry in this country.

Circumstances have combined, in a very curious way, to produce this result. If a supernatural power could be conceived as planning a scenic effect, it could hardly have arranged it in a manner more telling, or more calculated to excite the popular imagination, than has been the case in the quick succession of the death of Matthew Arnold, of Robert Browning, and of Tennyson.

> Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
> Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice our peace was slain.

A great poet was followed by a greater, and he by the greatest of the century, and all within five years. So died, but not with this crescent effect, Shakespeare, Beaumont, and Raleigh; so Vanbrugh, Congreve, Steele, Gay, and Defoe; so Byron, Shelley, and Keats; so Scott, Coleridge, and Lamb. But in none of these cases was the field left so exposed as it now is in popular estimation. The deaths of Keats, Shelley, and

Byron were really momentous to an infinitely greater degree than those of Arnold, Browning, and Tennyson, because the former were still in the prime of life, while the latter had done their work; but the general public was not aware of this, and, as is well known, Shelley and Keats passed away without exciting a ripple of popular curiosity.

The tone of criticism since the death of Tennyson has been very much what might, under the circumstances, have been expected. Their efforts to overwhelm his coffin with lilies and roses have seemed paltry to the critics unless they could succeed, at the same time, in laying waste all the smaller gardens of his neighbours. There is no doubt that the instinct for suttee lies firmly embedded in human nature, and that the glory of a dead rajah is dimly felt by us all to be imperfect unless someone or other is immolated on his funeral pile. But when we come to think calmly on this matter, it will be seen that this offering up of the live poets as a burnt sacrifice to the memory of their dead master is absurd and grotesque. We have boasted all these years that we possessed the greatest of the world's poets since Victor Hugo. We did well to boast. But he is taken from us at a great age, and we complain at once, with bitter cries—because we have no poet left so venerable, or so perfect in ripeness of the long-drawn years of craftsmanship,—that poetry is dead amongst us, and that all the other excellent artists in verse are worthless scribblers. This is natural, perhaps, but it is scarcely generous and not a little ridiculous. It is, moreover, exactly what the critics said in 1850, when Arnold, Browning, and Tennyson had already published a great deal of their most admirable work.

The ingratitude of the hour towards the surviving poets of England pays but a poor compliment to the memory of that great man whose fame it professes to honour. I suppose that there has scarcely been a writer of interesting verse who has come into anything like prominence within the lifetime of Tennyson who has not received from him some letter of praise—some message of benevolent indulgence. More than fifty years ago he wrote, in glowing terms, to congratulate Mr. Bailey on his *Festus;* it is only yesterday that we were hearing of his letters to Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. William Watson. Tennyson did not affect to be a critic—no man, indeed, can ever have lived who less *affected* to be anything—but he loved good verses, and he knew them when he saw them, and welcomed them indulgently. No one can find it more distasteful to him to have it asserted that Tennyson was, and will be, "the last of the English poets" than would Tennyson him-

self. It was not my good fortune to see him many times, and only twice, at an interval of about twelve years, did I have the privilege of hearing him talk at length and ease. On each of those occasions, however, it was noticeable with what warmth and confidence he spoke of the future of English poetry, with what interest he evidently followed its progress, and how cordially he appreciated what various younger men were doing. In particular, I hope it is not indiscreet to refer to the tone in which he spoke to me on each of these occasions of Mr. Swinburne, whose critical conscience had, it must not be forgotten, led him to refer with no slight severity to several of the elder poet's writings. In 1877 Mr. Swinburne's strictures were still recent, and might not unreasonably have been painfully recollected. Yet Tennyson spoke of him almost as Dryden did two hundred years ago to Congreve:—

> And this I prophesy—thou shalt be seen
> (Though with some short parenthesis between)
> High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
> Not mine (that's little), but thy laurel wear.

It would never have occurred to this great and wise man that his own death could be supposed to mark the final burning up and turning to ashes of the prophetic bays.

These are considerations, however—to return to my original parable—for the few within the Abbey. They are of no force in guiding opinion among the non-poetical masses outside. These, dangerously moved for the nonce to observe the existence of poetry, may make a great many painful and undesirable reflections before the subject quits their memory. There is always a peril in a popular movement that is not founded on genuine feeling, and the excitement about Tennyson's death has been far too universal to be sincere. It is even now not too early for us to perceive, if we will face it calmly, that elements of a much commoner and emptier nature than reverence for a man of genius have entered into the stir about the Laureate's burial. The multitude so stirred into an excited curiosity about a great poet will presently crave, of course, a little more excitement still over another poet and this stimulant will not be forthcoming. We have not, and shall not have for a generation at least, such another sacrifice to offer to the monster. It will be in the retreat of the wave, in the sense of popular disappointment at the non-recurrence of such intellectual shocks as the deaths of Browning and Tennyson have supplied, that the right of

poetry to take precedence among the arts of writing will for the first time come to be seriously questioned. Our critics will then, too late, begin to regret their suttee of the Muses; but if they try to redeem their position by praising this living poet or that, the public will only too glibly remind them of their own dictum that "poetry died with Tennyson."

In old days the reading public swept the literature of its fathers into the dust-bin, and read Horace whilst its immediate contemporaries were preparing works in prose and verse to suit the taste of the moment. But nowadays each great writer who passes out of physical life preserves his intellectual existence intact and becomes a lasting rival to his surviving successor. The young novelist has no living competitor so dangerous to him as Dickens and Thackeray are, who are nevertheless divided from him by time almost as far as Milton was from Pope. It is nearly seventy years since the earliest of Macaulay's *Essays* appeared, and the least reference to one of them would now be recognised by "every schoolboy." Less than seventy years after the death of Bacon his *Essays* were so completely forgotten that when extracts from them were discovered in the common-place book of a deceased lady of quality, they were supposed to be her own, were published and praised by people as clever as Congreve, went through several editions, and were not detected until within the present century. When an age made a palimpsest of its memory in this way it was far easier to content it with contemporary literary excellence than it is now, when every aspirant is confronted with the quintessence of the centuries.

It is not, however, from the captious taste of the public that most is to be feared, but from its indifference. Let it not be believed that, because a mob of the votaries of Mr. Jerome and Mr. Sims have been drawn to the precincts of the Abbey to gaze upon a pompous ceremonial, these admirable citizens have suddenly taken to reading *Lucretius* or *The Two Voices*. What their praise is worth no one among us would venture to say in words so unmeasured as those of the dead Master himself, who, with a prescience of their mortuary attentions, spoke of these irreverent admirers as those

> Who make it seem more sweet to be
> The little life of bank and brier,
> The bird who pipes his lone desire
> And dies unheard within his tree,

Than he that warbles long and loud,
And drops at Glory's temple-gates,
For whom the carrion-vulture waits
To tear his heart before the crowd.

If this is more harsh reproof than a mere idle desire to be excited by a spectacle or by an event demands, it may nevertheless serve us as an antidote to the vain illusion that these multitudes are suddenly converted to a love of fine literature. They are not so converted, and fine literature—however scandalous it may sound in the ears of this generation to say it—is for the few.

How long, then, will the many permit themselves to be brow-beaten by the few? At the present time the oligarchy of taste governs our vast republic of readers. We tell them to praise the Bishop of Oxford for his history, and Mr. Walter Pater for his essays, and Mr. Herbert Spencer for his philosophy, and Mr. George Meredith for his novels. They obey us, and these are great and illustrious personages about whom newspaper gossip is continually occupied, whom crowds, when they have the chance, hurry to gaze at, but whose books (or I am cruelly misinformed) have a relatively small circulation. These reputations are like beautiful churches, into which people turn to cross themselves with holy water, bow to the altar, and then hurry out again to spend the rest of the morning in some snug tavern. Among these churches of living fame, the noblest, the most exquisite was that sublime cathedral of song which we called Tennyson; and there, it is true, drawn by fashion and by a choral service of extreme beauty, the public had formed the habit of congregating. But at length, after a final ceremony of incomparable dignity, this minster has been closed. Where will the people who attended there go now? The other churches stand around, honoured and empty. Will they now be better filled? Or will some secularist mayor, of strong purpose and an enemy to sentiment, order them to be deserted altogether? We may, at any rate, be quite sure that this remarkable phenomenon of the popularity of Tennyson, however we regard it, is but transitory and accidental, or at most personal to himself. That it shows any change in the public attitude of reserved or grumbling respect to the best literature, and radical dislike to style, will not be seriously advanced.

What I dread, what I long have dreaded, is the eruption of a sort of Commune in literature. At no period could the danger of such an outbreak of rebellion against tradition be so great as during the reaction

which must follow the death of our most illustrious writer. Then, if ever, I should expect to see a determined resistance made to the pretensions of whatever is rare, or delicate, or abstruse. At no time, I think, ought those who guide taste amongst us to be more on their guard to preserve a lofty and yet generous standard, to insist on the merits of what is beautiful and yet unpopular, and to be unaffected by commercial tests of distinction. We have lived for ten years in a fool's paradise. Without suspecting the truth, we have been passing through a period of poetic glory hardly to be paralleled elsewhere in our history. One by one great luminaries were removed—Rossetti, Newman, Arnold, Browning sank, each star burning larger as it neared the horizon. Still we felt no apprehension, saying, as we turned towards Farringford :—

"Mais le père est là-bas, dans l'île."

Now he is gone also, and the shock of his extinction strikes us for the moment with a sense of positive and universal darkness.

But this very natural impression is a mistaken one. As our eyes grow accustomed to the absence of this bright particular planet, we shall be more and more conscious of the illuminating power of the heavenly bodies that are left. We shall, at least, if criticism directs us carefully and wholesomely. With all the losses that our literature has sustained, we are, still, more richly provided with living poets of distinction than all but the blossoming periods of our history have been. In this respect we are easily deceived by a glance at some chart of the course of English literature, where the lines of life of aged writers overlap those of writers still in their early youth. The worst pessimist amongst us will not declare that our poetry seems to be in the utterly and deplorably indigent condition in which the death of Burns appeared to leave it in 1796. Then the beholder, glancing round, would see nothing but Crabbe grown silent for eleven years, Cowper insane, Blake undeveloped and unrecognised, the pompous, florid Erasmus Darwin left solitary master of the field. But we, who look at the chart, see Wordsworth and Coleridge on the point of evolution, Campbell and Moore at school, Byron and Shelley in the nursery, and Keats an infant. Who can tell what inheritors of unfulfilled renown may not now be staining their divine lips with the latest of this season's blackberries?

But we are not left to these conjectural consolations. I believe that I take very safe ground when I say that our living poets present a variety and amplitude of talent, a fulness of tone, an accomplishment in

art, such as few other generations in England, and still fewer elsewhere, have been in a position to exult in. It would be invidious, and it might indeed be very difficult and tedious, to go through the list of those who do signal honour to our living literature in this respect. Without repeating the list so patiently drawn up and so humorously commented upon by Mr. Traill, it would be easy to select from it fifteen names, not one of which would be below the fair meridian of original merit, and many of which would rise far above it. Could so much have been said in 1592, or in 1692, or in 1792? Surely, no. I must not be led to multiply names, the mere mention of which in so casual a manner can hardly fail to seem impertinent, but I venture to assert that a generation that can boast of Mr. Swinburne and Miss Christina Rossetti, of Mr. William Morris and Mr. Coventry Patmore, of Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Robert Bridges, has no reason to complain of lack of fire or elevation, grace or versatility.

It was only in Paradise, so we learn from St. Basil, that roses ever grew without thorns. We cannot have the rose of such an exceptional life as Tennyson's without suffering for it. We suffer by the void its cessation produces, the disturbance in our literary hierarchy that it brings, the sense of uncertainty and insufficiency that follows upon it. The death of Victor Hugo led to precisely such a rocking and swaying of the ship of literature in France, and to this day it cannot be said that the balance there is completely restored. I cannot think that we gain much by ignoring this disturbance, which is inevitable, and still less by folding our hands and calling out that it means that the vessel is sinking. It means nothing of the kind. What it does mean is that when a man of the very highest rank in the profession lives to an exceptionally great age, and retains his intellectual gifts to the end, combining with these unusual advantages the still more fortuitous ones of being singular and picturesque in his personality and the object of much ungratified curiosity, he becomes the victim, in the eyes of his contemporaries, of a sort of vertical mirage. He is seen up in the sky where no man could be. I trust I shall not be accused of anything like disrespect to the genius of Tennyson—which I loved and admired as nearly to the pitch of idolatry as possible—when I say that his reputation at this moment is largely mirage. His gifts were of the very highest order; but in the popular esteem, at this moment, he holds a position which is, to carry on the image, topographically impossible. No poet, no man, ever reached that altitude above his fellows.

The result of seeing one mountain in vertical mirage, and various surrounding acclivities (if that were possible) at their proper heights, would be to falsify the whole system of optical proportion. Yet this is what is now happening, and for some little time will continue to happen *in crescendo*, with regard to Tennyson and his surviving contemporaries. There is no need, however, to cherish "those gloomy thoughts led on by spleen" which the melancholy events of the past month have awakened. The recuperative force of the arts has never yet failed the human race, and will not fail us now. All the *Tit-Bits* and *Pearson's Weeklies* in the world will not be able to destroy a fragment of pure and original literature, although the tastes they foster may delay its recognition and curtail its rewards. The duty of all who have any influence on the public is now clear. So far from resigning the responsibility of praise and blame, so far from opening the flood-gates to what is bad—on the ground that the best is gone, and that it does not matter,—it behoves those who are our recognised judges of literary merit to resist more strenuously than ever the inroads of mere commercial success into the Temple of Fame. The Scotch ministry preserve that interesting practice of "fencing the tables" of the Lord by a solemn searching of would-be communicants. Let the tables of Apollo be fenced, not to the exclusion or the discomfort of those who have a right to his sacraments, but to the chastening of those who have no other mark of his service but their passbook. And poetry, which survived the death of Chaucer, will recover even from the death of Tennyson.

EDMUND GOSSE.

II.

To sleep! to sleep! the long, bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.

IN the year 1862 a modest and diffident youth found himself seated beside a lively and agreeable lady. She was good enough to feel, or to affect, an interest in his political opinions and his literary tastes. When she had discovered them they surprised, but did not please her. "A Northerner and a Tennysonian!" she exclaimed; "a *rara avis*." That was three years before the fall of Richmond and twelve years after the publication of *In Memoriam*. The *Quarterly Review* had long since advised Monckton Milnes to avoid such baby idols as Alfred Tennyson and John Keats. It was Keats, and not Tennyson, who "fished the murex up," and no one admired Keats more heartily than Tennyson, the other guide of Lord Houghton's poetic infancy. Keats knew Homer only through Chapman, and the three will stand together enshrined in the same glorious sonnet as long as the English language endures. Tennyson was so familiar with the Homeric letter and so imbued with the Homeric spirit that he might, if he had chosen, have produced the ideal translation of the Iliad. His two isolated experiments are among the most tantalising fragments to be found in the literature of mankind. I think they prove the translator's theory to have been that Homer might be rendered into English blank verse as nearly as possible line for line. A Prime Minister rushed in where a Laureate feared to tread. For every blank verse of Tennyson's Lord Derby turned out a thousand blanker, and only the other day my friend Mr. Saintsbury rescued a few of them from the oblivion which a more considerate destiny had provided. It seems to be not uncommonly believed that, whereas only a clever fellow can make rhymes, any fool can write blank verse. But, alas! this is not true. It is, as Carlyle used to say, quite curiously the reverse of the truth. Milton may have been wrong in thinking his own favourite unrhymed metre superior to all others. That it is incomparably more difficult than rhyming couplets or rhyming quatrains the collected works of the British poetasters would convince anyone at a glance.

Blank verse began with Christopher Marlowe. It has for the present ended, or almost ended, with Alfred Tennyson.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough.

What Marlowe wrote of Faust might have been written of himself. Shakespeare completed what Marlowe began, as Tennyson became what Keats might have been. The promise of *Hyperion* was fulfilled in *Ulysses*, as *Edward II.* led the way to *Richard II.* and *Henry V.* Keats and Tennyson had Milton as well as the Elizabethan dramatists to help them. Tennyson had *Tintern Abbey* and the *Simplon Pass.* But Tennyson's blank verse is his own. It is the organic growth of his mind. As one stately line follows another in *The Princess*, or *Œnone*, or *Tiresias*, or *Demeter*, the sympathetic reader can see for himself that the "mystic fabric" springs spontaneously from the grace which is its beginning to the perfection which is its end.

> For an ye heard a music, like enow
> They are building still; seeing the city is built
> To music; therefore never built at all,
> And therefore built for ever.

That passage from *Gareth and Lynette* may fully describe the work of the magician who wrote it. If we knew how Tennyson's poetry was made, we should know what God and man is. Tennyson was essentially a purist. He loved and revered the English tongue. He tolerated no abuse of it in others. He was minutely scrupulous in his own employment of it. He had a vast vocabulary and an extraordinary knowledge of words. If he did not like anyone else to criticise his poems, he criticised them remorselessly himself. He greatly altered *Œnone*. He almost re-wrote *The Princess*. His ear was acutely sensitive not only to harsh cadences and false notes, but to the slightest clash or jingle, to the merest semblance of a needless alliteration. That is, perhaps, why, when he wrote onomatopœtically, or when he created sounds, as in

> The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
> And murmuring of innumerable bees,

or,

> The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells,

the influence was as profound as the touch was delicate. "It is all," as Browning says, "triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws"—laws not of man's making, but of man's being.

> *οὐ γάρ τανῦν γε κἀχθές, ἀλλ' ἀεί ποτε*
> *ζῇ ταῦτα, κ'οὐδεὶς οἶδεν ἐξ ὅτου φάνη.**

* For these are not of to-day or yesterday, but are immortal;
And no one knows whence they sprang.

I venture to doubt whether the critics have made enough of Tennyson's blank verse. It is the fashion to speak almost compassionately of his plays, as if they had rather injured his fame than otherwise. Yet between Milton and Wordsworth there is hardly such verse to be found, and it is like neither Wordsworth's nor Milton's. Take, for instance, these lines from the beginning of *Harold*. It is Edward the Confessor who speaks :—

> I have lived a life of utter purity:
> I have builded the great church of holy Peter:
> I have wrought miracles—to God the glory—
> And miracles will in my name be wrought
> Hereafter.—I have fought the fight and go—
> *I see the flashing of the Gates of Pearl—*
> And it is well with me, though some of you
> Have scorned me—ay—but after I am gone
> Woe, woe to England!

That is fine. But I open *Becket* at random, and I see something finer still. It is the great archbishop's defiant speech to Fitzurse and the knights :—

> Ye think to scare me from my loyalty
> To God and to the Holy Father. No!
> Tho' all the swords in England flashed above me,
> Ready to fall at Henry's word or yours—
> Tho' all the loud lung'd trumpets upon earth
> *Blared from the heights of all the thrones of her kings,*
> Blowing the world against me, I would stand
> Clothed with the full authority of Rome,
> Mail'd in the perfect panoply of faith,
> First of the foremost of their files who die
> For God, to people Heaven in the great day
> When God makes up His jewels.

There is no man living who could write—I do not say such verse as this, but anything which would bear comparison with it for a moment. Yet they come from that part of the Tennysonian canon which we are told to consider, as it were, apocryphal—below the level of the rest, and unworthy of Tennyson's genius. The public are, within limits, very docile. They accept what the critics tell them, for a time. They agreed to think *The Princess* unnatural, *In Memoriam* unintelligible, *Maud* barbarous, and *Enoch Arden* feeble, for a time. But sooner

or later the common sense of most prevails, the general reader begins to kick against the pricks of the goosequill. You cannot, as Abraham Lincoln justly observed, fool the whole people for ever. The plays abide our judgment. The poems are free. But sooner or later—and sooner rather than later—the grandeur of *Becket* and *Harold* and *Queen Mary*—whose hero is the English people, whose heroine is Elizabeth, whose Polonius is Pole—will take their proper places in the glorious annals of the British drama.

When *In Memoriam* appeared the critics were merry. They called Arthur Hallam the Amaryllis of the Chancery Bar. They asked what could possibly be the meaning of "the shadow cloaked from head to foot who keeps the key of all the creeds." They were answered by Frederick Robertson, the eloquent preacher of Brighton. "Take any charity school boy, and he will tell you that the shadow is death." Nobody ever reads a criticism of *In Memoriam* now. The poem itself is to thousands as sacred as their personal religion, of which it may well form a part. Edward Fitzgerald, an exquisite writer of melodious verse, and still more melodious prose, thought that his friend never wrote anything worth reading after 1845 or thereabouts. He might as well have said that *Romeo and Juliet* was the last effort of the expiring genius of Shakespeare. The history of Tennyson's poetry is like the history of many other things. As soon as one poem escaped detraction Momus swooped down upon another. How could the author of *In Memoriam* have sunk to the level of *Maud?* *Maud*, of course, was wonderful, and so dramatic. But the *Idylls of the King?* You could not seriously pretend that you admired them. When the *Idylls* were in everybody's mind, and on everybody's tongue, then came *Enoch Arden*, and then at last the critics declared that old age was telling on the Laureate, that his verse was frigid, that his faculties were impaired. Little did they think that this poor old man, who had seen, according to them, his best days, would continue for nearly thirty years to witch the world with noble workmanship, to bring out of his treasure-house things new and old, to make the reign of Victoria almost as poetically splendid as the reign of Elizabeth. One hears a great deal of Tennyson's sensitive shrinking from hostile criticism. Most of it was ill-directed, and very little of it had any value. But thin-skinned or not, he persisted bravely and steadily. In his youth he hit out with refreshing vigour at "musty, fusty, rusty Christopher," and at "the padded man who wore the stays."

What profits it to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt,
The dapper foot, the little hand,
If half the little soul be dirt?

Bulwer Lytton had the wisdom not only to forgive but to profit by those lines. A few more of the same sort would have done some of Tennyson's assailants no harm. But he had other work to do than to complete the education of public instructors who could not understand his poetry.

The noblest answer unto such
Is perfect stillness when they brawl.

Tennyson, however, found in practice a nobler still. He wrote *Tiresias*, and the *Revenge*, and *Demeter*, and *Virgil*, and *Catullus*, and *Crossing the Bar*. Tennyson's critics are incorrigible. But the hour of his death has been the day of their judgment. "Amissum ex oculis quærimus invidi." If only we could have him back and get rid of them. All is flattery now. But down to, and including the appearance of his last volume, the *Foresters*, with its musical rhythm and its lovely songs—one of them written when he was nineteen—the old cry of decadence was periodically raised. *Crossing the Bar* was a staggering blow to the theory of senile decay, and a legend was concocted, wholly without foundation, that it had been composed long before. The second *Locksley Hall* was pronounced conspicuously inferior to the first. Where in the original *Locksley Hall* is there such a couplet as

Robed in universal harvest, up to either pole she smiles,
Universal ocean softly lapping all her warless isles.

The repetition of the word "universal" is too daring for anyone but a great poet. The criticaster pounces upon it at once as a fault. Only by degrees, as sure as they are slow, does the artistic beauty of the arrangement satisfy the imagination, and the ear. I know a statesman, an ardent Radical, devoted to his party and his leader, who said there was a line in *Locksley Hall: Sixty Years After* he would rather have written than carried all the measures of Mr. Gladstone, or made all the speeches of Mr. Bright. It is not by any means the best line in the poem, and therefore I will not quote it.

The public, wiser than the critics, have never accepted the hypothesis of Tennyson's decline. They have seen it refuted too often. He

was a young man when he wrote *The Skipping Rope* and *Airy Fairy Lilian*. He was an old man when he wrote *Virgil* and *The Revenge*. He was, as years go, a very aged man when he wrote *Merlin and the Gleam*. But age is not always to be reckoned by the calendar, as the author of *Ionica* observed after reading *Maud* in 1855 :

> He's ever young and they get old,
> Poor things, they deem him over-bold,
> What wonder, if they stare and scold?

I believe it was Guizot who said that when he first read Gibbon he thought him grand, but inaccurate ; that a second reading made him substitute prejudice for inaccuracy ; and that with the third his critical faculty disappeared in simple admiration. Something of the same kind has happened to many readers of Tennyson. The *Times* attacked *In Memoriam* much as the *Quarterly* attacked *Endymion*, though with far less excuse. Successive generations of scholars and of plain, unlettered men and women have pored over the volume until they knew it by heart, until it almost fell to pieces in their hands. Edward Fitzgerald, who thought, or professed to think, that Tennyson's poetic genius was arrested at forty, died, *infelix opportunitate mortis*, and, by a strange irony of fate, just before the appearance of *Tiresias*, with its beautiful dedication to himself, and the prayer so amply fulfilled :

> That when I from hence
> Shall fade with him into the unknown,
> My close of life's experience
> May prove as peaceful as his own.

The Ancient Sage was the work of a man in his seventy-fifth year. Here are some of the verses which were supposed to indicate the failing strength of the poet :—

> How far through all the bloom and brake
> That nightingale is heard !
> What power but the bird's could make
> This music in the bird ?
> How summer-bright are yonder skies,
> And earth as fair in hue !
> And yet what sign of aught that lies
> Beyond the green and blue ?
> But man to-day is fancy's fool,
> As man hath ever been ;
> The nameless Power, or Powers, that rule
> Were never heard or seen.

If the *Œdipus Coloneus* proved the sanity of Sophocles, *The Ancient Sage* showed that a septuagenarian poet can be a poet still.

The same volume contains the exquisite lines on "Early Spring," of which the opening stanza is enough to establish a reputation:—

> Once more the Heavenly Power
> Makes all things new,
> And domes the red-plow'd hills
> With loving blue;
> The blackbirds have their wills,
> The throstles too.

And then there is also that incomparable poem to Virgil, "written at the request of the Mantuans for the nineteenth centenary of his death." No poet since the world began has ever been more fitly, more divinely celebrated than here the

> Chanter of the Pollio, glorying
> In the blissful years again to be,
> Summers of the snakeless meadow,
> Unlaborious earth and oarless sea.

It is trite, almost cant, to call Tennyson Virgilian. The description may, of course, be considered to imply a fault. Such a line as

> This way and that dividing the swift mind

is too literal a translation. It is not equal to Shelley's

> The world's great age begins anew,

a beautiful paraphrase of

> Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.

An English poet ought, it may be urged, to be completely intelligible and appreciable without any knowledge of the Greek and Roman classics. So far as I can free my mind from the bias of early training, I believe this to be true. Tennyson shares the fault with Jonson, with Milton, and perhaps with Dryden. Somebody boasted of having mastered Browning's *Agamemnon* with the assistance of the original. "Sundered once from all the human race" is less obvious than *toto divisos orbe Britannos*. Tennyson does sometimes write as if all the world were familiar with Horace and Virgil, and even Lucretius. The famous invitation to Frederick Maurice is Horatian in form, albeit Tennysonian in substance. But I cannot help thinking, for my part that the stanzas to Virgil, with those to Catullus, his brother, and his

venusta sirmio, turn the scale, and that a good deal even of downright pedantry, from which Tennyson is wholly free, might be pardoned to the man who was capable of composing them. They are, indeed, "not of the sunlight, not of the moonlight, not of the starlight." When any young poet reads them let him crowd his canvas.

> And see, it vanishes
> Over the margin,
> After it, follow it,
> Follow the gleam.

Tennyson once said that anybody could write a poem, but that very few people could read one. His own reading was unique and carefully adapted to his own poetry. In the last years of his life he appeared so old and so prophetic that he might have been Merlin himself. He looked simple, rustic, almost uncouth, but every inch of him a great man. The resemblance to Shakespeare was no fancy, although Shakespeare died before he was sixty. Tennyson thanked God that neither he nor anybody else knew anything about Shakespeare except his plays and his sonnets—that Shakespeare had never been "ripped up like a pig," a fate which it is rather to be hoped than expected that Tennyson will himself escape. Still, one likes to think of Shakespeare passing quiet years at Stratford-on-Avon, talking and drinking with his neighbours, guarding the fire within. Tennyson was a voracious consumer of books, especially of novels, with a wonderful memory for the classics, and for the great English poets. As an illustration of his delightful simplicity, it may be recorded that when the conversation turned upon the House of Lords, he suddenly exclaimed, "I was just going to say what I would do if I were a lord, and then I remembered I was one." He was eager for new facts, delighting in converse with travellers and men of science. Metaphysical speculation fascinated him, and, like Dr. Johnson, he looked in strange places for evidence of a future life. Even psychical research interested him, and it was, perhaps, with the same side of his mind that he cared for riddles. He enjoyed his port and his tobacco, as everybody knows. He and Robert Browning and Mr. Gladstone are fairly good witnesses to the wholesome properties of the wine, though not of the weed. Patriotism seems to have supplied the place of passion in his verse. He could have out-Swinburned Swinburne if he had chosen to do so. But there was no exclusiveness and no vulgarity in his devotion to England.

That man's the best Cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best,

he wrote. If *The Revenge* has not been translated into Spanish it ought to be. There is no hatred of Spain in it, though there is much of the Inquisition.

There are good judges who think that Tennyson never wrote anything better than *Ulysses*. This is the piece which the late Lord Houghton, with fine discrimination, sent to Sir Robert Peel in 1843. Mr. Browning told me he thought it must have come home to Peel, then, at the height of his power and prosperity, as an image of his own spirited active, contentious life. It is one of the very few contemporary poems from which Carlyle ever quoted. The soul of all adventure is in the lines—

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

The idea was doubtless suggested by the speech of Ulysses to his followers in the twenty-sixth book of the *Inferno* :—

Considerate la vostra semenza :
Fatti non foste a viver come bruti,
Ma per seguir virtude e conoscenza.

There is only one *Ulysses* in the English language. There is not likely to be another.

οὐ γάρ τοί ποτ' ἔτ' ἄλλος ἐλείσεται ἐνθάδ' Ὀδυσσεύς.

HERBERT PAUL.

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN IRELAND: SUCCESS OR FAILURE?

I.

IT is rather early perhaps to attempt any accurate appreciation of the effect with which Mr. Morley's policy works in Ireland. Assuredly few statesmen ever entered on a task more difficult, trying, and liable to be misunderstood than that which Mr. Morley undertook when for the second time he consented to accept the office of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. An English statesman, once a close political friend of Mr. Morley, believed himself marked out some ten years ago for the post which Mr. Morley now occupies. I am not surprised that he fell into the belief; we all, I think, shared it with him—and we of the Irish Nationalist party would at that time have welcomed his coming to power. He saw some of us, and he told us frankly that his intention, if he were appointed, was to reorganise completely the system of government by Dublin Castle. We cordially approved of this purpose; it may be that we approved of it too cordially and openly. I never knew: but it is certain that he was not appointed; and now the times are changed, and I suppose he would rather maintain the old system of Castle government than try to reorganise it on a popular principle. But his idea at that day was just and statesmanlike; and I am sure it is the idea which Mr. Morley has in his mind now.

I should be inclined to say at the outset that the success or failure of Mr. Morley's policy in Ireland will be measured by the degree of energy with which he approaches the work of reorganisation in Dublin Castle. I admit that many of my political colleagues, like myself, are inclined perhaps to expect rather too much work done in that direction and to be impatient of any delay. To our minds the Castle form of government is an Augean stable, and we want to have it cleaned out first of all. But we are quite prepared to admit that statesmanship must be allowed to move with measured steps if only it is moving in the right direction. I feel confident that Mr. Morley is moving and will continue to move in

the right direction. I am glad to read that there is no disposition on the part of any body of men calling themselves Irish Nationalists to put any difficulty in his way, or to make his work of reform impossible. He will have enemies enough and obstruction enough and misrepresentation enough to encounter from the Tory party and from their allies who name themselves Unionists. It is a curious thing to see under one's very eyes the dying struggles of a system of class ascendency. Many of us elder men watched over such a spectacle when the slave system went down in blood in the United States of America. We can see such a sight now in Ireland. Class ascendency dies hard anywhere. It will die very hard in Ireland.

So far Mr. Morley has done his work well. I may call it "his" work without in the least detracting from the part in the general policy which is taken by Lord Houghton. Lord Houghton I believe to be a very able man who is not likely in the least to allow himself to be domineered over or deluded by the permanent officials in Dublin Castle, and he has already given a proof that he can be firm in adopting a course of his own. But Mr. Morley has already had some experience in the business of governing Ireland, and he has gone back to the post with the settled intention, as I believe, to prepare for the coming of Home Rule by administering the affairs of Ireland during the interval as nearly as possible on the principles according to which they would be administered by an Irish Parliament. Therefore Mr. Morley began at once by abolishing the working powers of coercion. He could not by any effort of his authority or that of the Lord Lieutenant conjure the Coercion Act off the statute book. That task must be the work of the Parliament at Westminster. But he revoked the powers which a former Administration in Ireland had called into being under the permission and authority of the Coercion Act. Then he dealt with the question of the evicted tenants. Here I think everyone will admit that his path was crossed and re-crossed by perplexing difficulties. I do not see that he could have done any better than to appoint a Vice-regal Commission to inquire into the whole condition of the evicted tenants—how they became evicted; what offers they had made before they were evicted; what terms they were willing to accept or to offer, even after they were evicted; who was mainly to blame for the evictions; and what steps can now be taken to have those restored to their farms who never ought to have been ejected from them. Now, so far as I can understand the terms of reference on which the Commission is founded, the inquiry

will comprehend all these different subjects. The Lord Lieutenant's proclamation, as I suppose I may call it, sets out with perfect clearness the several objects of the inquiry. The Commissioners are to inquire into and report upon the number of tenants who have been evicted since May 1st, 1879; the extent and annual rent of each such holding, "with such particulars of the evictions as you may deem necessary." The Commissioners are to inquire into "the number of such holdings re-let to other tenants, or sold by the owners of such estates." Anyone who read the article by my friend Mr. William O'Brien in the last number of the NEW REVIEW will understand what that part of the inquiry means. It means, Have the evictions, with whatever harshness and whatever horrors, succeeded in their object? One can easily imagine a good case made out for the sweeping away of a worthless tenantry to make room for a class of honest and capable farmers who proposed to till the soil and make the wilderness blossom. Have any such persons come forward? Has the cleared land been taken? How much of it is worked? how much of it has been made to blossom? how much of it is "desert idle," according to Shakespeare's superb phrase, which Pope wanted to improve? Why is any of it desert idle? "Any proposals for settlement which have been made, or which may be made by landlord or tenant with a view to reinstatement." Then the cost, "as far as can be ascertained," of the evictions to the Imperial Exchequer and the local rates. This seems to me to be an inquiry which no reasonable Government, taking up the whole question now, could fail to put out for settlement. What does all this system cost to the Imperial taxpayer? If the Imperial taxpayer likes to pay the expense of enabling the very worst class of Irish landlords to evict their tenants, why then let him pay by all means, but in common fairness let the poor taxpayer know what the sum is to be. Many a British taxpayer is at this moment struggling hard and in vain to get paid for the goods he has supplied to some non-paying customer, and he would, we may fairly suppose, be only too glad to have the resources of the State to help him in getting back his unpaid-for property. But the State will not trouble about him. He may get a decree from the local county-court; he may pursue his debtor from one tribunal to another, but he will obtain no warrant directing the forces of the Crown to come to his assistance and break into his debtor's room and recapture his property for him. Yet this is exactly what the forces of the Crown in Ireland have, until quite lately, been doing for the landlord. Now,

all this costs the taxpayer money and the ratepayer money. It is only fair to let the British taxpayer, at all events, know how much the cost is. He is not on the spot, and he may not know. When he is informed as to the amount, he may, perhaps, be quite willing to bear his quota in the expense of enabling the worst class of Irish landlords to harry the tenants whom the law was preparing somewhat languidly and awkwardly to protect. I am speaking now of the law as illustrated by the thirteenth chapter of the Act of 1891, passed by a Tory Government. Let the British taxpayer know what it all costs and what his share of the payment is to be. Perhaps he may be quite willing to pay it. But perhaps he may not. Anyhow, he ought to be allowed to know.

The Commission is, I am glad to say, a roving Commission. "You or any two or more of you" are empowered to "visit and personally inspect such places as you or any two or more of you may deem expedient," and also to employ other persons to assist in the inquiry. This is a matter of much importance. The mere fact that such an inquiry is made by competent inquirers moving about the country may do much to bring about on both sides a satisfactory settlement of disputed claims. Perhaps the most important article in the proclamation, having regard to the great principle of the question in dispute, is the sixth. "What means should be adopted to bring about settlements, and the reinstatement of the evicted tenants, and thereby to give effect to the policy of the late Parliament, indicated by Section 13 of the Purchase of Land (Ireland) Act, 1891." This passage in the proclamation admits fully the *primâ facie* desirability of having a reinstatement; it only asks that the best means may be taken to have the reinstatements accomplished where the previous inquiries had settled that reinstatements would be practicable and would be just. The object is to reinstate if right and possible. Cause has to be shown against re-instatement.

The appointment of Mr. Justice Mathew as President of the Commission will certainly be cordially accepted by every Nationalist in Ireland. A better choice could not have been made. Mr. Justice Mathew will bring a thoroughly clear and impartial mind to deal with the question between the landlords and the evicted tenants. His intellect is peculiarly keen and penetrating. A grasping and unmerciful landlord or a roguish tenant would have, as Hosea Biglow puts it, to "git up very airly" if he meant to take in Mr. Justice Mathew. I have no doubt that Sir J. C. Mathew feels much in sympathy with unjustly evicted tenants or with the victims of injustice in any class, but I believe

his family traditions must have brought him a good deal into contact with the landlord order in Ireland. He is the nephew of the great priest who was known by the noble title of the Apostle of Temperance in Ireland; but every elderly Irishman who knew Father Mathew well, as I did in my young days, remembers that Father Mathew was rather Conservative than Radical in his nature and his opinions. I only mention these facts to emphasise the excellence of the choice made in the selection of Mr. Justice Mathew to preside over the Commission which is to inquire into the case of the evicted tenants. It has been said that Mr. Justice Mathew is politically a strong Irish Nationalist. I have not heard or read that Mr. Justice Mathew ever expressed in public any opinion which had to do with the politics of party, or, indeed, any political opinion of any kind. I presume Sir J. C. Mathew knows far too well what is due to the high position of one of Her Majesty's judges to think for a moment of making such a mistake—although others of Her Majesty's judges may perhaps have made it. But if in private intercourse Mr. Justice Mathew may have admitted that he could not close his intellect, or his sympathies, or his heart against the claims of the vast majority of his countrymen, then so much the more is to be set down to his credit, and so much the better for the Imperial system which has such a servant.

Mr. Morley is dealing, and has still to deal, with the magisterial bench in Ireland. It is obviously necessary that the magisterial bench should now be recruited by men who understand and are not afraid to express the popular sentiment of the country. It is obviously necessary that the principle, or the practice, or whatever it was, should be broken down which limited the position of Justice of the Peace in Ireland to the order of the landlords, or the class of the landlords' agents and hangers-on and led-captains, and to the class of the richer merchants and traders. Pending a complete reorganisation of the whole magisterial system in Ireland, including paid as well as unpaid magistrates, it is absolutely necessary, in order to win a feeling of confidence in the country, that men who are in sympathy with the wants and the wishes of the large majority of the community should, where it is possible, be made Justices of the Peace. Former Governments have made great mistakes when they allowed themselves to be talked into the conviction that to appoint some smart and Castle-haunting Catholics to the Commission of the Peace won for them the slightest confidence from the Irish people. It won for them nothing of the kind. So long ago as the days of Daniel O'Connell

the Castle was warned that favours showered on such a class of Catholics disgusted rather than conciliated the Irish people. I am sure Mr. Morley understands all this part of his business thoroughly. I am sure that, if I may adopt Sydney Smith's humorous illustration, he will not stroke the dome of St. Paul's under the impression that he is thereby conciliating the Dean and Chapter. I think he has done well in Dublin so far, and I am confident that he will continue to do well. He will not, I am sure, mistake on any occasion friendly remonstrance for hostile criticism. I do not expect him to do everything that my friends and I may think ought to be done. He will not expect us to approve unreservedly of everything he may think himself bound to do. But I know that he means to do well, and I am glad to say that thus far he has done well.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

II.

MR. MORLEY has now had time to feel the ground under his feet, and we are, therefore, able to form some slight idea as to what the Gladstonians mean by the government of Ireland according to Irish ideas. In many respects the task of the new Chief Secretary is exceptionally arduous and difficult. But it must be said, at the same time, that he has largely helped to make his own bed. During Mr. Balfour's long and fierce encounter with the forces of disorder Mr. Morley helped on many occasions, and notably at Tipperary, to embitter the struggle. At all events, neither he nor his colleagues did aught during those six years of conflict to maintain the supremacy of the law when it was ruthlessly assailed and its very existence endangered. Now that the same law has to be enforced, now that the decrees of Her Majesty's courts have to be executed, Mr. Morley must needs feel himself in a rather awkward position as the chief executive officer of the State. But, whilst this is so, the difficulties attendant upon the right hon. gentleman's office are not entirely of his own creation. When last at Dublin Castle, Mr. Morley had only two Irelands to deal with—the Ireland which recognised Mr. Parnell's authority and the Ireland which refused to see in that gentleman a king, crowned or uncrowned. Alas! for Mr. Morley's peace of mind, all this is changed. Archbishop Walsh now rules in the place of "the dead

chief"—a fact which, whilst accepting, the biographer of Voltaire cannot be expected to relish. And the once solid Nationalists have split into two warring factions, with rival organisations and contending newspapers. The result of all this has been that much intended only for the ear of the caucus has been proclaimed upon the housetops, to the serious detriment of "the cause." And voices that were once as the voice of God are now treated with ribald contempt, and described as the hoarse shriekings of a delirious idiot or the wailings of a melancholy humbug. Mr. Morley, having to face the situation as it is, must needs side with the clericals. They constitute, tested by the recognised forms, a majority of the Irish people. And for an orthodox Gladstonian this one fact is sufficient. But this very necessity of shaking down with Archbishop Walsh gives rise to one of the real difficulties of the situation. The Parnellites have no desire to make Mr. Morley's path difficult. None whatever. But they cannot forego the luxury of spearing their rivals. If the spear must needs pierce Mr. Morley at the same time as it does Mr. Healy—well, it cannot be helped. And so it comes about that the Parnellite caucus, newspapers, and meetings are such a serious difficulty for the Chief Secretary.

Apart from all this, however, the situation is a most embarrassing one, and it is precisely here that Mr. Morley stands bereft of all sympathy from his opponents. The right hon. gentleman has had to suspend certain sections and sub-sections of the Crimes Act. By-and-bye I shall show exactly what he has done in this respect. But it is absurd to suppose that the representative of a party which desired in 1885 that these very sub-sections should become part of the ordinary law* can have willingly consented to part with these powers. No. Mr. Morley has found it necessary to pay this homage to consistency. Both he and his party committed themselves to a tooth-and-nail denunciation of "government by coercion," and so Lord Londonderry's proclamations under the Crimes Act must needs be revoked. How rioters in the north

* But the key of the whole of this question was this—that in many parts of Ireland, for certain classes of offences, especially offences of an agrarian character, they could not trust to the ordinary class of jurymen doing their duty, partly from ignorance, partly from prejudice, but mainly owing to the cruel and overpowering system of terror under the National League. They could not be sure with the clearest evidence of being able to get a verdict. Now, he maintained that, in order to uphold the arm of justice in Ireland, it was not merely reasonable, but necessary, to provide some measures which could overcome that difficulty, and it might very well have been made part of the permanent law.—MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, *Scotsman*, October 17th, 1885.

and moonlighters in the south are to be dealt with by partisan magistrates—this is Mr. Vesey Knox's description of the Ulster justices—and by common and intimidated jurors remains to be seen. This, for Mr Morley, is an after-consideration. He must devoutly hope that the matter will never require to be tested, and that the Federation will be able to keep the peace.

Mr. Morley's second difficulty is more serious than the one I have been describing. The late Mr. Parnell, narrating a conversation he once had with the right hon. gentleman on the question of the evicted tenants, represented him as "throwing up his hands in despair" and declaring "that it would be impossible for the Liberal party to do anything for these tenants by direct action." But his colleagues, notably Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, were heedless of Mr. Morley's despair. They travelled to Ireland, went on the Campaign estates, incited the people to continued resistance, and promised, on behalf of the Gladstonian party, reinstatement in their holdings and compensation for their losses. I shall state later on the whole of this case. Here I only desire to point out that the evicted tenants' difficulty, which Mr. Morley must feel so acutely, is of his own or his colleagues' making. They have nursed the pinion which now impels the steel. And, when disaster overtakes the Irish Government, as it must ultimately do on the question of the evicted tenants, Mr. Morley will not be able to throw the blame on the shoulders of Mr. Balfour and those who, like myself, were responsible for the thirteenth section of the Land Purchase Act of 1891.

And as if the evicted tenants do not constitute sufficient trouble, Mr. Morley is being forced to deal with the question of the Irish magistracy. He is expected to "clear the Castle"—which is all nonsense—to remove the Removables, and to find a supply of Nationalist magistrates. He has to release the Donegal prisoners, *i.e.*, those men who are in gaol on, and who pleaded guilty to, charges connected with the murder of District Inspector Martin at Gweedore. And there are not wanting signs that the right hon. gentleman will soon be compelled to consider the case of the Phœnix Park murderers. Already Mr. Davitt, M.P., has visited Joe Mullett in Maryborough Gaol; already the *Freeman's Journal* has bewailed the condition of one of the very chief of the Invincibles; and in due time the favourite plea of political crime will be fervently urged in behalf of these men. All these difficulties are quite independent of the everyday worry of affairs in Ireland. And when all are combined, Mr. Morley's lot cannot be described as a happy one. Let us

now examine his work. What the *Daily News* described as "The First Step" was his action in regard to the Crimes Act.

Here Mr. Morley's way was clear. He could have done nothing else than that which he has done. But what did "the first step" amount to? What was the sum and substance of that "bold policy" which Mr. George Russell, probably without giving much consideration to the matter, extolled in South Bedfordshire? In reality it amounted to very little. The Unionists were charged in 1887 with having passed "a for ever and ever Coercion Bill." Mr. Morley is now credited by his not too wise followers with having "made an end of coercion." Mr. Morley has not repealed the Crimes Act. How, then, can he be said to have made an end of coercion? He has made an end of it by the very means by which the Unionist party always maintained it could be ended. The real fact is that "perpetual coercion," as it is called, was never once contemplated. It was provided that no section of the Act should be operative until the proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant made it so. And the Act further provided for the revocation of the proclamation, when, of course, the sections involved ceased to be operative. Now, in this matter Mr. Morley has simply followed in Mr. Balfour's wake. On the passing of the Crimes Act, proclamations by the Lord Lieutenant made it operative, in whole or in part, practically over the whole of Ireland. In June, 1891, when law had partially triumphed over disorder, Mr. Balfour revoked certain proclamations. The effect was to leave only certain sections of the Act operative, viz., the whole of Section 1, Sub-section 3 of Section 2, Sections 3, 4 and 7.*

And it is these sections that Mr. Morley, by the action of the Privy Council, has suspended. This is a plain statement of the facts of the case. As I have said, Mr. Morley was bound to take this step. No other course was open to the right hon. gentleman. But it is absurd to trumpet it as "a bold policy." And English politicians can now see for themselves what it is the Irish Nationalist considers to be "intolerable coercion." As a matter of fact, when Mr. Morley came to Ireland last August the Crimes Act was a mere name. Coercion in the old sense, as it existed, for example, under Lord Spencer, was a thing of the past. All the same, I hope Mr. Morley may not have cause to regret parting with

* Section 1 authorised the holding of a preliminary inquiry on oath before trial. Sub-section 3 Section 2 provided a court of summary jurisdiction in cases of riot. Section 3 provided for special juries. Section 4 provided for change of venue, as of right, in serious cases of crime. Section 7 authorised the prohibition of dangerous associations.

powers so reasonable as those involved in the "summary jurisdiction of magistrates" and in the "change of venue, as of right, in cases of serious crime." Already Kerry appears to be going from bad to worse. I now proceed to deal with the case of

THE EVICTED TENANTS.

And let me say at once that I consider Mr. Morley's letter to Mr. Justin McCarthy one of the most shameless State papers that ever issued from the hands of a Minister of the Crown. Mr. Morley professes to base his proposed action upon the adoption by Parliament, with the sanction of the late Government, of Section 13 of the Land Purchase Act of 1891. By adopting this section, says Mr. Morley, "an effort was made by Parliament to carry out this declared object of public policy"—the reinstatement of the evicted tenants.

Parliament never adopted any such policy. All that Parliament did by enacting Section 13 was to provide means by which certain evicted tenants, *where they could agree with their old landlords*, might secure the advantages of the Purchase Act then being passed. No compulsory settlement was ever contemplated. It was felt, and indeed stated, that there were certain cases where a settlement might be arrived at on such lines, and the clause was accordingly passed. I moved it. The Government supported it. And because only 187 settlements have been arrived at under it Mr. Morley pronounces it a failure. The clause was never intended to reinstate the evicted tenants as a whole. It had a special purpose. Those of us who knew what was going on had no great expectations as to its working. But we thought that where voluntary and friendly settlements were possible it might be an advantage to facilitate them. This is the whole history of Section 13. But Mr. Morley stands on entirely different ground in this matter, and it is ground he, no doubt, desires to keep out of sight. What is the real position of the Gladstonian party in regard to the evicted tenants? I have pointed out that Mr. Shaw-Lefevre visited Ireland and encouraged resistance on the part of the tenants. He went further—he directly promised relief. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre is now a Minister of the Crown. But Ministers have gone beyond even the First Commissioner of Works. He might be thrown over with no serious results. But they cannot erase their names from the division list on March 2nd, 1892, when they each and all voted for the Second Reading of Mr. O'Kelly's Bill By this and a subsequent measure which they also supported

they gave the formal sanction of the Gladstonian party to four matters of principle:—

(*a*) The reinstatement of *every* tenant evicted since 1879.

(*b*) The landlord in all such cases to be compelled to sell the freehold to the reinstated tenant at a price to be fixed by the Land Commission.

(*c*) That the landlord should leave one-fifth of the purchase money as security with the Land Commission.

(*d*) That the landlord should receive out of the Church surplus a sum equivalent to two years' rent in full payment of arrears.

This, it will be seen, constitutes a tolerably strong order. But this is what Front Bench men spoke for. This is what the whole Gladstonian party voted for. Why, therefore, should Mr. Morley now propose a "small Commission to inquire"? The question of policy was conceded by the declarations and votes of the men who now make up the Government. As for details, did they not vote that *every* tenant evicted since 1879 should be reinstated? Did they not support Mr. Sexton in extending the operation of Clause 13 to the tenants who fell during the Land League struggle? Let me show by a concrete example to what the Gladstonians have really committed themselves in this matter. Take the O'Grady estate in Co. Limerick. The owner is as Irish as Mr. William O'Brien. The land is fertile to a degree, forming, as it does, part of the Golden Vale running through Limerick and Tipperary. The farms were large, the farmers well-to-do. In 1886, I think it was, they struck against payment of rent. Mr. Dillon intervened, and the Plan of Campaign was adopted. The entire tenantry, twenty-five, or thereabouts, in number, were evicted. The O'Grady simply turned on cattle upon the vacant lands. He has farmed them at a profit ever since. And his old tenants have been, and now are, the pensioners of the Campaign war chest. Now, under Mr. O'Kelly's Bill, which Mr. John Morley supported, the initial robbery of The O'Grady was, first of all, condoned. In the second place, the man who had been robbed was to be coerced, *i.e.*, he was to be compelled to sell his land at a fixed price to the men who had defrauded him. And, finally, when the sale was complete, he was to be compelled to leave one-fifth of the purchase money as security for those men who had already robbed him, and who, having been successful in their dishonesty, were not unlikely to try it on

again, in which case his guarantee deposit would be at once seized by the Land Commission. Now, a party which has gone this length in the House of Commons cuts rather a sorry figure in Ireland when these heroics give place to a "small Commission of Inquiry." And yet this is exactly the position of affairs at the present moment.

I am far from saying, or even implying, that I think Mr. Morley dishonest in his treatment of this question. The man who threw up his hands in despair two years ago at the mere mention of the subject may well be appalled now that he is face to face with Mr. James O'Connor and his friends. The Commission, *plus* Mr. McCarthy's appeal for the creation of a new fund for the sustenance of the evicted, may keep these "children of the nation" quiet for a time. Mr. Morley can but delay the catastrophe. For, be it remembered, the scope of the Commission extends back to the year 1879. It is not a mere matter of the Campaign tenants, as Mr. William O'Brien seems to think. The Commission covers the Land League period—the period when, according to Mr. Gladstone, the Irish leaders were "marching through rapine" to a certain goal. Does Mr. Morley propose to condone the rapine? If so, how does he expect that contracts are ever to be kept in Ireland? If Irish peasants are to be taught by the Government of the day that the enforcement of the law means surrender at the end of a given period, and that the law-breaker will then be rewarded, what chance has rent-paying or anything else in the future? Has the right hon. gentleman forgotten his own teaching? As to Mr. Morley's whine about the cost of maintaining the law, things have surely come to a pretty pass when a Minister of the richest country in the world is not ashamed to write the sentence for which Mr. Morley is responsible. Peace at any price is apparently the Gladstonian policy at home. What it may be abroad remains to be seen. But if the extra police cost £450,000 a year instead of £45,000, Mr. Morley has no right to knock under to a conspiracy made up largely of shameful dishonesty and notorious blackguardism. I have no manner of doubt that when he is baulked in his course of absolute surrender, as baulked he must be in the end, he will be advised by his clerical friends to withdraw the police protection he now gives to those who are more courageous than he is himself. But he cannot take such a step with impunity. The taking of it may produce awkward results—for Mr. Morley.

The real truth of the matter is that Mr. Morley has got hold of an insoluble problem. There are, it is said, six thousand homeless men and

women in Ireland. Acting on the advice of Irish politicians, they gave up their holdings. By so doing they parted with valuable property and with legal privileges which Parliament had bestowed upon or secured to them. Many of these homes were vacated for mere pantomime purposes. The sufferings of these poor people were so useful at English bye-elections and on English platforms! New tenants in hundreds of cases have taken the holdings. In hundreds of other cases the owner farms the once vacant lands. Crime and outrage have no doubt, followed the changes. But the law has triumphed, and these people are now alive to the fact that they have been deceived, ruined, and used for stage effect. They are now in terrible earnest. And all that Mr. Morley has to offer them is "a small Commission of Inquiry." The Irish people know too surely what this means. But the McCarthy hat is worth more than the "small Commission," and, both being part of the same fraud, the one is tolerated for the sake of the other. If full atonement were made to these cruelly deceived men and women, at least two prominent Irish politicians would be arraigned for treason worse than treason to the State—*i.e.*, to humanity. These people owe their sufferings almost entirely to Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. John Dillon. But the end is certain. Nor is it far out of sight. Mr. Morley's Commission may inquire. They may report what they choose to report. They cannot undo the work of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien. To re-instate these men in their holdings involves legislation. And the strongest Government might well stand appalled before such a proposal. It is certainly not the present Government with its attenuated majority—a majority which every bye-election weakens—that can face what Mr. Morley truly calls a great social mischief. But why, if it be right to restore the evicted tenants, does Mr. Morley permit evictions to go on now? Here there has already been a pretty disillusioning of the Irish people. For years the Gladstonian party held Mr. Balfour up to odium—and Mr. Morley was one of the chief offenders—for two supposed crimes. Mr. Balfour sent law-breaking priests to prison and he permitted the forces of the Crown to attend evictions. How the changes were wont to be rung on these twin enormities! Those of us who had frequently, in and out of Parliament, to defend the Irish policy of the late Government were in the habit of deprecating the exceptional treatment of law-breaking priests, and of arguing that Mr. Balfour had no dispensing power—that he was coerced to support the officers of Her Majesty's courts. But we were derided in Parliament, and sometimes

hooted down by mobs in the country. We surely have our revenge now. For what is going on in Ireland? Mr. Morley had scarcely pulled himself together in Ireland when "a Removable," who has not been removed, committed the notorious Father Humphreys to gaol for contempt of court. It looked so like old times. And was "the good Father" released next morning by an indignant Chief Secretary? Not at all. The Chief Secretary took no notice of Father Humphreys and just left him to his fate. And as to evictions—why, according to all the authorities, there has been a fresh landlord outbreak since Mr. Morley's arrival. As to this I cannot say—and I am not prepared to take Mr. O'Brien's word for it—but, as a matter of fact, Lord de Freyne has had a two days' campaign in Roscommon, at which neither Mr. Dillon nor Mr. O'Brien attended, and the proceedings of which the clerical organs carefully suppressed. But the police were present just as of old. Lord Dillon has also been at the old "devil's work." Mr. Vincent Scully, ex-Parnellite candidate for Kilkenny, has actually evicted a parish priest in Co. Tipperary and Mr. Morley has stood loyally by with his police to protect the sheriff and see the law obeyed. Just so. And, one and all, from Mr. O'Brien down, they have now discovered that the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant could do nothing else. But this discovery comes very late in the day. Why did they not assert this new doctrine as to the dispensing power when Mr. Balfour was at the Castle? Why do not the Irish members attend Mr. Morley's evictions and get up scenes as they were wont to do? The reason is clear. Their primary object in the days of the Unionist Government was to cause embarrassment. To embarrass Mr. Morley is to commit a reserved sin—for which pardon is not easily obtained. But if Mr. Morley is serious in his intentions to reinstate the evicted tenants why does he permit fresh evictions? Surely he is bound in such a case to prevent the widening of the area of mischief to be dealt with. This, however, would involve an autumn Session, and the mere mention of such a thing is enough. Spectre after spectre rises to wave it off.

As I have hinted, the release of the prisoners will also be a question to which Mr. Morley's attention must shortly be given. There are several batches to be considered. But undoubtedly the Donegal prisoners will come first. They were only concerned in the brutal murder of a police officer. This sufficiently marks their crime as being political. Besides, Mr. Morley has already committed himself to some rather awkward reflections on their case. With the

exception of Coll, who was found guilty by a jury, all the prisoners pleaded guilty. But Mr. Morley was not satisfied. Coll was not tried in Donegal—but in Queen's County. Coll was not tried by a jury of the peasants who attended Mass on that fatal morning at Gweedore but by a special and, of course, packed jury of the Queen's County—therefore his case is peculiar. And The MacDermot, who is now Attorney-General, and Mr. Tim Healy were counsel for the prisoners. Things, therefore, look pretty well for Mr. Coll. We may take it for granted that this worthy citizen will soon be restored to his native Donegal, and to the ministrations of that excellent and patriotic *Soggarth* whose arrest got so many of his parishioners into trouble. And with Coll, of course, the remainder of the prisoners go free. Still, when all this has been done, Mr. Morley's work will by no means be at an end. There are other martyrs awaiting his attention, and already the actors in the dread tragedy of the 6th of May, 1882, bespeak attention. Mr. Davitt, M.P., and Dr. McDonald, M.P., have been on a visit to Maryborough Gaol. There they have seen a convict named Dowling. But it is much more to the purpose that they also visited and saw the famous Joe Mullett, one of the leaders of the Invincibles. All those who, as citizens of Dublin, were compelled under Mr. Gladstone's Crimes Act to be present at those never-to-be-forgotten trials will remember "The Hunchback," as he was called. He was not involved in the death sentence, and is now "wearing out his life in a convict prison." Mr. Davitt writes the usual letter. Mullett is ill; is, in fact, a broken man. Humanity demands his release. And so the *Freeman's Journal* takes the cue. And why not? Is the life of a Chief Secretary more important in the eye of the law than that of a police officer? And was not Mullett actuated in his crime by love of country, by hatred of tyranny? Let Mr. Morley consult Lord Chancellor Walker and The MacDermot. They both at the Leinster Hall declared that politics and morals ought to be divorced. Why not make a clean sweep of all these imprisoned patriots? Why not annul that true bill for murder which alone forbids the return of one of the exiled patriots from America? Mr. Morley will find peace, if not safety, in Thorough. But in such circumstances the debate on the Address may be both lively and long—which, in a Home Rule Session, is matter for consideration.

There is only one other question to trouble Mr. Morley. But it is the question of questions. And so far as Ireland is concerned the situation is defined and clear. On Home Rule there are in Ireland but two parties—one for, the other against. I set no store by Mr.

Redmond and his friends. Had Mr. Parnell lived a party of nine might have had to be reckoned with. But, although Mr. Redmond may make able speeches in the House, the Gladstonian policy is clear. No one replies to or takes any notice of them. He may write equally able articles for English Reviews. No one will answer them. And why should the Gladstonians do anything else? They know that Mr. Redmond and his followers must accept *any* Home Rule Bill that is offered—that they dare do nothing else. They may orate and declaim. They may move this and the other amendment. But they will knock under and accept, of course *pro tanto*, whatever Mr. Gladstone chooses to offer. Had Mr. Parnell lived and been treated as Mr. John Redmond was treated during the No Confidence debate, does anybody believe he would have voted with Mr. Gladstone? No, he would have walked his men out of the House. By doing so he would not have kept the Gladstonians from coming into power. But he would have resented their silence and given them due notice of what they might expect. Mr. Redmond failed at a critical moment to grasp the situation. His able speech was treated with contempt—just as a previous and still abler speech had been. He will get his chance, however. In due time, when the Lords have done their work, Mr. Gladstone will have to elect between hanging up Home Rule and going on with it. That he will hang it up is certain. That Mr. Healy will consent is assured. This will be Mr. Redmond's opportunity. If he then knows how to "take occasion by the hand" his way is clear. He may rout the clericals from Cork to Drogheda.

I have just space to hint at another difficulty, barely in sight yet, but which in a week or two may become critical and serious. The harvest in Ireland may be good or bad. I believe it to be neither one nor the other. But rent is not paid in Ireland out of the harvest. Rent, in the main, is paid by the sale of cattle. And for cattle there has been little or no market for some time. The cloud may be as a man's hand now. But it may burst in a raging storm about Mr. Morley's ears before Christmas. The unwillingness to pay rent in many parts of the country, born of League teaching, is serious enough. The inability to pay it is another thing. Out of this calamity, should it come, may arise a state of affairs which will tax Mr. Morley's statesmanship to the utmost.

T. W. RUSSELL.

THE PETRIE PAPYRI.

THE archæological researches which have made Egypt again famous in recent times are continually finding new starting points, and continually providing the world with surprises. It is but recently that the excavations at Tell-el-amarna discovered to us the wonderful fact that diplomatic correspondence between Assyria and Egypt was not only common fourteen centuries before Christ, but that it was carried on in cuneiform writing. The great "find" of the bodies of the kings and queens in their remote hiding-place in 1881 recovered for us the body of the most famous of all Egyptian kings, Ramses II.; and in the Cairene Museum the returning visitor may see rooms of treasures which have accumulated during each year of the last decade. But no field of discovery has been more novel and fruitful than the Fayyûm, an oasis, or depression, apart from the west of the Nile valley, which seems to have been forgotten till yesterday, when the opening of a railway line from Assiout into this fruitful tract not only developed its material resources, but excited the interest of Egyptian scholars.

From this source have come most of the texts on papyrus which have engrossed the world of letters for the last few years. Some indeed, such as the famous Aristotle, have had their hiding-place hidden by those who are still searching this mine of literary gold; but the great collection purchased by the Archduke Rainer (of Austria), and many of the still more various and curious discoveries of Mr. Petrie, are from this small corner of Egypt, nor is it at all likely that we have obtained more than a tithe of what still lies beneath the sand. The Archduke Rainer's collection, dating from various centuries, and in many tongues, is being catalogued, and also carefully deciphered and published, by a competent committee of savants in Vienna. The material part of Mr. Petrie's discoveries has been illustrated and explained in the fascinating series of volumes which that indefatigable worker prepares during each

summer in England, recording the previous winter's work in Egypt. It will be a matter of public regret when I state that this tax upon his energies has for the present so impaired his health that he must of necessity take a year's respite from his toil. He has, indeed, more than earned this leisure. What man of his age can show such a record of brilliant archæological achievements?

Meanwhile there is one large department of his discovery which he has delegated to others—the task of deciphering and publishing the many texts on papyrus which he had acquired. The Coptic part is just now being brought out by Mr. Crum; the Egyptian part (hieratic and demotic) has been consigned to Mr. Griffiths, of the British Museum; the Greek part, first attacked by Mr. Sayce, who read many of the texts, though he published but a few, has come into my hands, and I have given a specimen of what they are in the *Cunningham Memoir* VIII., published with admirable autotype facsimiles by the enterprise of the Royal Irish Academy. A second and far larger instalment of these papers is at present in process of being printed. But as this publication is both expensive and intended for specialists—those of Germany are already writing volumes of controversy about it—it may be desirable to put in a popular form the main results of my labours for the last two years. These labours are by no means completed. It is but six weeks ago that, at the Oriental Congress in London, Mr. Newberry placed in my hands a great new consignment which will require many months of further study, and which I have already ascertained to be scraps of the very same papers, in some cases supplying the gaps in what I have already published.

The collection now in my hands is not like that of the Archduke, ranging through many languages and over many centuries; it is a collection almost exclusively derived from a very brief epoch—say fifty years—but all of it far older than anything yet published by the Vienna savants. Moreover, the Petrie papyri from Gurob are only in Greek or demotic—only perhaps half a dozen in hieratic—and, strange to say, there is hardly a bilingual piece among them. The Coptic texts now being published by Mr. Crum were not found in this place, and were not all found, but purchased, by Mr. Petrie.

I am here only concerned with the special group resulting from the excavation of a small cemetery at Gurob, in the Fayyûm, containing not more than thirty coffins, or, rather, mummy cases, for the human figure is rudely modelled in these receptacles. But owing to the

scarcity of wood, they were constructed from a mass of waste papers, by laying and gluing together these papers in layers, and were then coated within and without with clay, and painted with designs. The case, when complete, represented a swathed mummy with its face exposed, the whole richly coloured. It now appears, from the fact that parts of the same text are found in divers of these cases, that they were made up at the same time, and probably by tradesmen who acquired this mass of papyri for the purpose. As four or five of the texts are dated in the year 186 B.C. we may not assume that any of the cases were made earlier. But the great mass of the dated papers range from 260 B.C. to 223 B.C., and none at all from the interval between the latter date and 186. They are, therefore, a collection from the palmiest days of Greek Egypt, when the second and third Ptolemies had made their kingdom prosperous, admired, and respected by all the nations of the civilised world.

When the reader reflects that most of our Greek MSS. date from the later middle ages; that the age of even the Egyptian fragments of the classics hitherto known in no case ascend with certainty above the Christian era; that a dated Greek handwriting of the third century B.C. was hitherto an unheard-of thing, he will appreciate the fascinating position in which good fortune has placed me. For I have now for two years been daily handling papers written by scores of hands at this remote date, ranging from the small, neat, professional character of the bookseller's scribe to the large scrawl of the private man; from the precision of the official clerk to the untidiness of the unlettered servant. All sorts and conditions of men have left us their correspondence, their contracts, their family papers, even scraps of the books they read, in this wonderful collection. Had the coffin-makers used these papers whole, there is no estimating the knowledge they would afford us; a whole society of Greeks of this remote date would rise in all its detail into the light of the nineteenth century. But, alas! the papers were all torn into patches of moderate size, the surfaces of many of them daubed with mud which effaced the ink, the whole mass confused and mixed up, as it were by deliberate intention. The task, therefore, of cleaning, deciphering, guessing, combining, is one of great patience, and the results often barren after weeks of toil. Most of the smaller fragments, generally some items in a private account, are of no use or interest, but one can never tell that even such stray words will not fill a gap in a larger text, which remains unintelligible till that gap is supplied. Sometimes a hope-

lessly effaced scrawl will suddenly yield its secret, and afford a veritable triumph to the decipherer ; sometimes an apparently easy hand will conceal puzzles that baffle all his ingenuity. It is in these alternations of hope and despair that I have been exercised ever since I was introduced to the subject, and taught my first lessons by Mr. Sayce, at Oxford. In another year I may hope the task will be accomplished, so far as my efforts can do it. But there will be an ample harvest remaining for other men in adding to my results and correcting my errors.

The substance of these papyri may be briefly classified as follows :— (1) A small number of classical texts, which were books carried by the Greek settlers into the Fayyûm. These texts may be considerably older than the dated papers, and some of them probably ascend above the year 300 B.C. Most of them were easily identified. There was the conclusion of the *Antiope* of Euripides, a play often praised and quoted by the ancients, notably by Plato, but from which nothing more than isolated lines had been preserved. We now have the whole concluding scene, tolerably complete, for the second fragment published in facsimile has since been fitted to the third, so giving us almost three columns of continuous text. A few other short extracts from plays were found, but too mutilated to tell us more than the fact that such extracts were then in use.

Then there was a miserable scrap of an *Iliad*, giving us only the ends of the lines in one column and the beginnings of the next, in all thirty-five ends and openings, sufficient to identify it as from the eleventh book of the *Iliad*, but containing five or six *not known in any of our texts ;* and this is far the oldest copy of the *Iliad* ever yet found ! It is a text earlier than those of the great critics, notably than that of Aristarchus, and we may well ask, did these critics expunge one seventh of the older current texts ? The discussion of this problem is now occupying the Germans, who send me every month a pamphlet concerning it.

Among the prose classical texts the most important is that of the *Phædo* of Plato—two or three pages are preserved, in a beautiful hand, archaic even in comparison with the other papers, and containing variants from our current texts, not indeed anything so violent as those of the *Iliad* papyrus, but still sufficient to excite a similar controversy in Germany. The "edition" is certainly older, but is it better than the famous Oxford MS. of the ninth century A.D. ? I may also here announce that I have just found, in a hand somewhat similar, a consider-

able passage from the *Laches* of Plato, which will soon be published. The rest of those just enumerated are facsimiled in my *Cunningham Memoir*. There are, besides, fragments of prose texts, of which the author is not yet identified.

We may pass on to (2) the private, or rather everyday, documents, for some of them are copies of public records. The subjects of these are so various that it is hard to classify them. There are a few letters from sons to fathers, or of recommendation; a few from stewards giving an account of their farms to the master. Many more are from subordinate officials giving reports, or making complaints, or quoting letters sent to them. In some cases we have the answers, with rescripts from the governor of the province, or even a royal decree. Some of these documents are the actual copy sent, with the address on the back, and are written in more or less formal and easily read hands (where not effaced or broken). Others are only the rough drafts, scrawled in a most untidy way, or full of erasures and corrections written over the lines. Some are from Egyptians to Greeks, some even from Egyptian officials to one another; and they show plainly that the red-tape of office was as rife then as it now is in the Departments at Whitehall. The official who makes a report always quotes the letters sent to him verbatim, and the replying authority rehearses the facts with explicit care. These documents are dated, but merely by the current year of the reign and the month, without giving the king's name. Hence it is only from the dates to companion documents, the character of the writing, the analogy of the subjects, and the identity in site that we can make sure that they come from the very early date which I have asserted for them. Moreover, when we find all the letters to and from Cleon, the architect of the province, dated year 30, or year 31, there can be no doubt that the king was the second Ptolemy (Philadelphus), for the next king who reigned so long was Euergetes II., a century later, and not a single one of the fully dated papers mentions his name.

These fully dated papers are: (1) Wills, of which we have a large group, giving us the dispositions of property made by various landholders in the Fayyûm, and accordingly among the most interesting in the whole collection. (2) There are also receipts and contracts, all dated carefully after this fashion: "In the reign of Ptolemy, the son of Ptolemy and Arsinoe, Brother Gods, the 10th year; the priest of Alexander, of the Brother Gods, and of the Beneficent Gods, being Apollonides, son of Moschion, the priestess of the [deified] Queen

Arsinoe Philadelphus, being Menekrateia, daughter of Philamenon ; in the month Payni, the 26th day, in the City of the Crocodiles, of the Arsinoite *nome*"—a formula which we knew long ago from the famous Rosetta inscription, and again from the Canopus inscription, which is dated the very same year (238 B.C.), and in the very same words (just cited) as many of our documents. Lastly, I may place in this very imperfect enumeration—a complete one would weary the reader—very numerous accounts, some those of tax-gatherers, giving the sums paid to them ; some those of contractors, such as what we should call livery-stable men, or *vetturini*, for the supply of fodder for horses, food for drivers, and medicaments for curing hurts or lameness ; many more are mere private accounts, generally scrawled on the back of some other document, and quite unintelligible where they are mutilated, which is almost always the case.

If this mass of various documents were in any degree undamaged : if even one-tenth consisted of complete texts, however short, the gain to ancient history would be enormous. As it is, we shall have the daily life of a large society brought before us with much detail, when some of the many riddles are solved which each of these fragments presents. In this rough sketch, which I now put together from the isolated facts which are emerging daily from the decipherment, there may be many inaccuracies ; the general outline is, I think, definite, and will hereafter be established by ample evidence.

Let us first gain a clear idea of the famous district which is the scene of so many discoveries. The Fayyûm is an oasis in the desert, caused by a great natural depression, or series of depressions, so that a large tract of country, lying lower than the high Nile, can be irrigated from the river by canals, which are led round the circular basin of land, as it were, in concentric circles, till at last the water finds its way into the central cavity of the district, where there has been for thousands of years a great lake, in its level far below the Mediterranean, and therefore only drained by evaporation. As the irrigation comes from the higher level, and not from the lake, the efforts of man have always been to reduce its size, and the early Egyptian kings, who understood the problem perfectly, did by a great dyke confine the lake towards the south, and build a large city (of the Crocodiles), the metropolis for a most fertile district, which rose in slopes from its centre. The fish of the lake were by ancient precedent the Queen's pin-money, so that the duty paid by fishermen afforded her a large income. In the times of decay, before the conquest

of Alexander, the embankment of the lake seems to have been neglected, and a large part of the Fayyûm covered with water, which may no doubt have increased the fishing area and the Queen's pin-money, but had withdrawn a large area from cultivation. It may be conjectured as highly probable that the able and enterprising Queen Arsinoe, second wife and full sister of Ptolemy II. (Philadelphus), when that King had attained secure peace, and desired to disband and provide for his large army, offered to clear the submerged ground and provide farms for the King's veterans. Certain it is that a large number of veterans, whose papers are now before us, were settled there as landholders, that the nome was renamed the *Arsinoite*, after the Queen, and that there is no evidence of any existing native population being dispossessed. The largest owners, probably soldiers who had done special service under the first Ptolemy, were "hundred-acre men"; and they appear in the wills to which I have referred as very old men, who might have been the sons of the actual soldiers of Alexander. But we have lesser amounts of land, down to twenty acres, mentioned.

This colony occupied the heart of the Fayyûm, and greatly enlarged or rebuilt the City of Crocodiles, where they dwelt, surrounded by the fellahs, who may have occupied the higher slopes and probably poorer land, but appear in the papyri as labourers and stewards. Thus the Fayyûm, by this new enterprise, was restored to its ancient fertility, and became the flourishing country which Strabo saw and admired. The slopes are the only hilly country cultivated in Egypt, and Mr. Cope Whitehouse, the most intimate student of that district, showed me a photograph he had taken there of a waterfall tumbling through a wooded glen, which I guessed to be a view in Syria. Here wine and oil, flowers and unguents, were produced for the consumption of Memphis and Alexandria; quantities of corn and green fodder were exported by the canal which ran from Ptolemais, near the heart of the district, to the Nile. And here the traveller in Strabo's day could not only admire the Ptolemaic industry introduced by the new colony, but the ancient wonders of the land: the great lake covered with sails, the famous labyrinth, and the great temples of the central city, which dated from the twelfth dynasty, long before the days of Abraham.

It is convenient to call the Ptolemaic colony Greeks, as contrasted with the natives, because they used Greek as their tongue, and were gradually moulded into Hellenistic ways. But the descriptions of the men who made and witnessed the wills and signed the contracts show

us that the veterans of Ptolemy were a population mixed in a most extraordinary way, being in fact the descendants either in blood or in habit of the soldiers of Alexander, who gathered under his standard all the enterprising spirits of his wide domains. Thus there lived side by side in the Fayyûm, speaking good Greek, and using Greek customs, not only Macedonians, the most privileged of all, but Thessalians, Thracians, Arcadians, Illyrians, Carians, Persians, Lycians, Campanians, Ætolians, all remembering and specifying their original homes, which they had permanently abandoned. Though I have met with many instances of natives calling their sons by Greek names, I have not yet found one of a veteran marrying a native woman; the wife so often mentioned as sole heiress to her husband being always of Hellenistic extraction. But we may not dogmatise.

As might be expected in a society formed from a mercenary army, with no clan traditions and few restraints of kinship, there existed the utmost freedom of bequest. We do not find any part of a man's property disposed of by the law. Women could inherit on an equality with men. Very frequent is the brief formula: "I leave all I possess to my wife X, or my son Y, and nothing to anybody else." As a will with details is far more interesting, I shall here give a specimen, of which most part has been published (Plate XII.) in the *Cunningham Memoir*, but which the recent discovery of the missing strip on the left side now enables me to give in a much more correct and intelligible form. The opening formula or date, already described, is lost, but from a just-found fragment in the very same peculiar hand, which must have been the next column on the same roll, we can restore it literally, and determine it to be the ninth or tenth year of the third Ptolemy, viz., 238-7 B.C.

At this date then: "there made the following will, deliberately and in his right mind, Peisias the Lycian, one of those settled in the new colony [age lost], a man of crooked figure, of middle height, with a high forehead, and a scar under the jaw [they are fond of enumerating their scars]. May it be my good fortune to keep in good health and manage my own affairs, but should anything human happen to me, I bequeath my property in Alexandria [the capital, ninety miles away] to my son Peisicrates, viz., my house and all its furniture, together with my slaves Dionysius and Eutychus, and my slave-girl Âbisila and her daughter Eirene, all Syrians. But to Axiothea, daughter of Hippias, of Lycia, my wife, I bequeath my Syrian slave-girl —— and the house which I own in Bubastos in the Arsinoite nome; the rest of my property in Bubastos I

leave in common to my son and my wife. But whatever property my wife Axiothea brought me in her dowry, and still exists, I direct that she shall have it, and Peisicrates have no share in it; but as regards whatever of it is gone or spoilt, let Peisicrates pay to Axiothea the subjoined values, wherever they find a deficit: a female woollen tunic and summer wrap, 6drachmæ; a man's tunic, 12dr.; a man's belt, 1dr.; a new summer wrap, 12dr.; a cloak, 8dr.; a bronze cup, 4dr.; a bronze cooler, 6dr," &c., &c. The remainder is mutilated, but female slippers, knives, earrings, &c., are specified. The drachmæ mentioned are silver drachmæ, and nearly equal to the modern franc in value.

Prayers to the gods or religious expressions are unknown in these documents, and, except the cult of the reigning house, which may be called official loyalty, no worship seems to have formed a part of these people's lives. Here, again, their traditions as mere soldiers in a moving camp must have destroyed their habits of religion, which among the Greeks was almost exclusively local, and bound up with the history of each particular city. Mention of the land (κληροι) is so rare in bequests—the only occurrence of it has its context destroyed—that it *may* have been secured to the legal heir, and not left in the testator's power. But that these settlers were deprived of their lots, either for debts to the State or other misconduct, is distinctly stated. In one case the owner only farmed one-third of his land, and let the rest to two neighbours, who farmed it with him, and sold their produce in common with his. The olive and the vine—which they probably imported from Greece or Palestine—many kinds of vegetables, flowers, and melons are mentioned. There was even the same habit of keeping pigeon-cotes for the sake of their very stimulating manure, as there is now in Egypt. It must have been a very aristocratic settlement, for the great majority style themselves cavalry soldiers, many of them are Macedonians of the Guard, several officers of the rank of our captains or majors. We hear, to our surprise, not only of the bequest of horses, which were, therefore, not provided for the cavalry by the Crown (though we hear of inspectors of horses), but of chariots of five horses, as well as of three, in which officials made their visits to the province. The same officials made requisitions from the natives, among other things, of geese, for their hospitalities, for we have a formal complaint of the "royal gooseherds"—all Egyptians—that they cannot bear this burden and do their duty to the King. There is long since well-known an inscription from Philæ regarding a similar

complaint of the priests there, that the burden of entertaining passing officials was too grievous to be borne.

This brings us to consider what evidence there is of the oppression of the natives, who were obliged once more to receive a dominant race of strangers and share with them, or rather surrender to them, the wealth of the country. When the demotic documents, found among the Greek ones I am now describing, shall have been deciphered, we shall probably learn much more concerning the affairs of the natives. But so far there is no clear evidence that the Ptolemaic rule was not considerate to them. We cannot, moreover, be always sure of the nationality of the ill-treated persons who make complaint in our papers. For the natives very soon began to call their children by Greek names. But there are, no doubt, cases of assault where the complainant was certainly Egyptian. Imprisonment for debt appears to have been common, but not confined to the natives, and they were certainly cited as witnesses in the quarrels of the Greeks. They also held inferior offices or magistracies, and were invaluable in the collection of the taxes from a population whose few proper names were so oft repeated as to make identification by strangers very difficult. But though we hear of natives in these positions of trust, there is not a word concerning the higher classes of older days, the priestly and the warrior castes. The latter were, of course, superseded by the very veterans now before us, who were settled in other parts of Egypt also, notably about Thebes, as we know from other papyri. But the priests were still of great national importance, as the two great stone inscriptions (of Rosetta and of Canopus) amply testify. They cannot have been absent from the City of the Crocodiles, but as yet I have not found them mentioned even once. The Jews, I may add, alleged by Josephus to have been settled in Egypt by Alexander and the first Ptolemy, appear frequently enough. They inhabited one village at least—Samaria, in the Fayyûm—and seem to have been on an equality with the Greeks. The complaints of the free native labourers set before the architect (Chief Commissioner of Works) in various documents seem always to be treated with respect and discussed before an arbitrator or judge, though we must also add that redress was not prompt, and that in one case the workmen threaten to pledge their iron tools, which were valuable and supplied by the employers.

So far, then, we have been able to draw a picture of the great and varied society of the Fayyûm in the third century B.C. We have the names of at least sixty villages, and know that the veterans were

scattered through them on their farms, as well as settled in the central town. Many of these villages were evidently new, as appears from such names as Philadelphia, Theadelphia, Berenice, &c., but veterans also inhabited the villages with uncouth Egyptian names. These names, transliterated into Greek by the men who pronounced them, promise to be of great value in giving us some clue to the pronunciation of old Egyptian, a language long since deciphered and read, but of which the vocalisation is still hidden from us. The Petrie papyri will help to solve this great difficulty. Not only the names of villages, but those of native men and women occur so frequently, and with such slight variations of spelling, that we can have little doubt what the Greeks heard when the natives spoke these names. Thus a great advance in Egyptology may also result from this increase to our knowledge in Greek philology.

To me this latter is, of course, of far more interest. Intimately as we know the speech of some parts of Greece in classical days, the rise and spread of Hellenistic Greek is still most obscure. The modifications produced in the adoption of the language by the Macedonians; by the mixture of the various dialects; by the diffusion of the language among foreigners—these are still problems for the philologist. Polybius and the LXX. version of the Old Testament are the only considerable specimens hitherto extant of this epoch in the history of Greek. The former represents the best literary speech of Greece proper; the latter was always supposed to be the work of men below the average in their knowledge of Greek, shackled, moreover, in the freedom of their expression by the Hebrew text before them. A comparison of the speech of these early papyri with both will lead us, I think, to rate Polybius somewhat lower as a stylist, for the Greek written every day by these country officials in remote Egypt is easier, simpler, and often more graceful than his awkward periods. Our conclusions concerning the LXX., seem however, confirmed. The vocabulary of that collection of translations is in many cases paralleled by the papyri; the strange words which occur in it occur also in them. But it is plain at first reading that the acts of the Græco-Macedonian population of the Fayyûm show a very different knowledge and feeling for the language. There occur, no doubt, mistakes, both of spelling and of construction. But they are distinctly oversights, not depravations of the language, and this is supported by the fact that false grammatical forms are very rare. There must have been good schools in the Fayyûm, and the children of

this motley population must have been taught carefully to use the polite language of the civilised world. They were taught to write it elegantly also. The handwriting of Polycrates, who addresses his father in two extant letters, is a model for any age—large, clear, and symmetrical. The style is not less polished ; full of affectionate formulæ and studied deference. Not in the whole collection, including missives to inferiors from high officials, is there a rude or insolent letter. All are precise and business-like, even under apparently grave provocation. The petitions for help or redress, often for release from imprisonment, never bring any charge but that of injustice against others, and always beg for a full hearing of the case. We may say without fear of exaggeration that no settlement of soldiers in the present day would produce anything like so civilised a society—I mean, of course, of mercenary or professional soldiers, not of those citizen armies where soldiering is but a transitory phase in each man's life. But these veterans were soldiers and nothing else, and yet they show, when surprised in their everyday life and their ordinary conversation, how widely diffused a thing Hellenistic culture was, and what an engine for civilising the world.

The small number of classical fragments in the collection may, perhaps, disappoint some of my readers. But surely it is very unlikely that books, acquired and valued as such, should be relegated to the wastepaper basket, while ordinary accounts and letters of ephemeral value were thrown away, or sold as more profitable for other uses than increasing the mass of family lumber. The very men who made these coffins might reasonably sift the materials to preserve what was saleable, and so the fragments we have found may be only those that escaped this search. Even so, they are not inconsiderable. They show us that among the great masters not only Homer and Euripides, certainly the most popular authors in the whole Greek world, but Plato was known and prized. They show us that even then the habit of making short extracts from the great dramatists, probably for children to learn, was common. These extracts comprise several scraps which we cannot identify. Similarly there have been several prose fragments found, distinctly classical in style, but not referable to their authors. An early and hitherto unsuspected version of the *Contest of Homer and Hesiod* (*Cunningham Memoir*, Plate XXIV.) is among the most interesting of these.

There is, then, sufficient evidence to conclude that had we recovered not the wastepaper basket, but the library of one of these settlers, we

should have found that his culture was based upon the only true and permanent basis, the familiarity with the great classical masters of his language, who combine elevation of thought with purity of expression. Thus the decay of Greek style, which became inevitable from the very diffusion of the language, was, if not arrested, at least delayed, and the great Alexandrian critics, who arose in the generations succeeding that of the Petrie papyri, were not isolated book-worms who loved letters among an ignorant and semi-barbarous population, but the highest expression of the aspirations of these out-lying colonists from the Greek world, who not only at the capital, but throughout their farms in the provinces, knew and valued the old Hellenic masters.

I will add a word in conclusion concerning the accounts, which form far the largest part of all the texts—unfortunately, as I already said, in hopeless mutilation. But still a prolonged and thorough study of them will tell us first the notation for figures, especially for fractions, by these Greeks, a subject on which Amadeo Peyron in the last, and Ulrich Wilcken in this generation have thrown so much light. There is, I think, hardly a symbol which cannot now be explained. Secondly, we may hope to attain materials for solving that great vexed question, the relation of silver to copper coinage in Ptolemaic Egypt. Most of the sums mentioned are in copper drachmæ, but silver money was not unfrequent in these earlier and more prosperous times. If we can find the prices of ordinary articles in both, the question might yet be settled. For thirdly, we shall certainly from this source and from that of the *ostraka*,* which Mr. Sayce is collecting and deciphering in Egypt, discover what were the prices of many of the necessaries of life in those days of plenty. There remains, lastly, the question of taxation. Many of the lists are those of items collected from the people by tax-gatherers, and from a comparison of these may be discovered the amount of the State burdens and the method of assessment devised by the old Egyptians, and by their successors, the Ptolemies. The day, I trust, is not far off when all these problems will be satisfactorily solved.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

* These *ostraka* are ordinary potsherds on which the Greeks in Eygpt ordinarily wrote receipts, and of which whole fields remain in certain parts of Egypt. Several collections have found their way to Europe and have been commented on, especially by Professor U. Wilcken, of Breslau. But the collection Mr. Sayce is making in his Nile boat is likely to be by far the largest and most complete yet known. The reading of these nasty and contracted scrawls is exceedingly difficult. I have seen specimens dating from the early Ptolemies, and from that age down to Coptic times.

SIR RICHARD BURTON: AN EXPLANATION AND A DEFENCE.

"What part has death or has time in him,
Who rode life's lists as a god might ride?"

—SWINBURNE.

TWO years ago this October 20th that Glorious Soul winged its way on its last great journey. The horrible excitement of pain and anguish, of fear, the sensation of being hunted, and alone in a big grey desert, has subdued itself to desolation, has become

"The custom of the day
And the haunting of the Night,"

with a sense of hopeful "Waiting." Let me try to tell you the tale as simply as I can in such limited space.

From October, 1883, Richard suffered acutely from gout, and had three dangerous bouts that laid him up for eight months, three months, and ten weeks, which he bore with gentle patience and courage. He was attended in the two first attacks by the best doctors Trieste afforded. In all these three attacks I never left his room, day or night, and I frequently used to disobey orders as to diet. When he was free from pain he was immensely cheerful, and used to laugh like a schoolboy at his Trieste doctor, who *would* speak English for the sake of learning and practising it. "What him eat to-day?" "Pheasant, doctor!" He plunged his hands into his hair as if he were going to tear it all out. "What for you give him the wild?" (German, *das wild*, meaning game.) One day after about six months he said, "You sall give him ten drops of rum in a tumbler of water for his dinner!" Peals of laughter came from the sick bed. "Ach! das ist gut to hear him laugh like dat? Vat for he laugh?" I answered, "Because he gets a brandy-grog fit for a sailor every night, or he would have been a dead man long ago." More tearing of the hair and real displeasure. When he got over that illness he was a veritable skeleton, his legs were like two sticks of sealing wax.

I could give a delightful sketch of our last three years, with the places visited, of the interesting people we saw, and the things we did —but it would fill up a number of the NEW REVIEW, and must wait for my book.

Everyone remembers the awful shocks of earthquake that took place in the Riviera on Ash Wednesday in 1887. A little before six there was a sound like a monster express train hissing and rumbling by. I said to Richard, "Why! what sort of express train have they got on to-day?" It broke on us, upheaving, and making the floor undulate, and as it came Richard said, "By Jove! that's a good earthquake." I said, "All the people are rushing out in the garden undressed; shall we go too?" He said, "No, my girl; you and I have been in too many earthquakes to show the white feather at our age." "All right," I said, and he turned round and went to sleep again; so I did my toilette, as I had intended, and went off to Mass and Communion for Ash Wednesday as I was obliged to do. There were seventeen hundred scared people, who had neglected their religion, trying to get into the Confessionals. As soon as I got back I went to take my coffee, and while so doing another great shock came. I ran in to my husband, but still he would not get up. About nine o'clock there was another bad shock. I again begged him to get up. He said, "Well, I think I will this time; it is getting too shaky." He slowly got up and dressed, and we went about our usual business, writing, calling, driving, and watching the trains fill up with terrified people, which was rather an amusement, as some of them were very scantily dressed, and had not even waited for their baggage. He enjoyed it as much as a schoolboy, took notes, and caricatured them in their light costumes. On the 25th I got very uneasy about Richard. I saw him dipping his pen anywhere except into the ink. When he tried to say something he did not find his words, when he walked he knocked up against furniture. He would not take any medicine, because we were to leave next day to go over to Nice to inspect the ruins, from thence to Mentone ditto, and then make our way straight back to Trieste; but I took him to Dr. Frank, who was a very old friend of ours, and whose wife, Lady Agnes, had made our visit to Cannes thoroughly happy. Dr. Frank examined him, found him as sound as a bell, prescribed rest, and thought I was nervous. On the 26th the same symptoms returned, and though we had packed up I absolutely refused to move, and Richard said, "Do you know, I think that that earthquake must have shaken me more than I was aware of." Now

it was not only the shocks of earthquake, but that the earth for several weeks kept palpitating in a manner very nauseating to sensitive people, and he was intensely so. He forbade me to send for Dr. Frank, saying it would pass; but I disobeyed. Dr. Frank, thinking I had got a "fad," did not hurry, but passing by on his rounds thought he would look in and say good-bye. He stayed with us half an hour, assured us that Richard was all right, and as sound as a bell, and was just feeling his pulse once more preparatory to saying good-bye. While his pulse was being held, poor Richard had one of the most awful fits of epileptiform convulsions (the only one he ever had in all his life), an explosion of gout. It lasted about half an hour, and I never saw anything so dreadful, though Dr. Frank assured me he did not suffer, but seemed doubtful as to whether he would recover. Soon the blackness disappeared, the limbs relaxed, he opened his eyes, and said, "Hallo! there's the luncheon bell; I want my luncheon." Dr. Frank said, "No, Burton, not to-day; you have been a little faint." "Have I?" he said; "how funny, I never felt anything." To make a long story short, that was the beginning of his being a *real* invalid. Dr. Frank found that it was impossible for me to move without a travelling doctor. Richard strenuously resisted it for several days, saying "he should hate to have a stranger in the house, that we should never be by ourselves, that we should have an outsider always spying upon us, who would probably quarrel with us, or hate one or both of us, and make mischief, and confide all our little domestic affairs to the world in general—that a third was always in a nondescript position." Now, this was a risk we had to run; but I argued that if we put by £2,000, and gave ourselves four years of doctor, till 1891; unless he *previously* got quite strong, that it would tide him over the worst crisis of his life into a strong old age, and that as soon as he was free from Government, and we settled down at home, we should be in the land of doctors and free to live by ourselves again, and to do what he liked, which had already been arranged for 1891. He then consented. I telegraphed to England, and Dr. Ralph Leslie was sent to us. As soon as the case was handed over to him we commenced our Via Crucis to Trieste.

It was astonishing, in spite of malady, what wonderful cool nerve he had in any accident or emergency.

On June 19th we began a three days' feasting in honour of the Queen's Jubilee. First there was a special service in the Protestant Church. Then on the 20th we had a banquet and a ball in its honour.

He was brought down to dinner, where he made a most loyal and original speech, immediately after which he was taken upstairs again. It was the *only* occasion on which he would ever consent to wear his Order of S. Michael and S. George.

After seven months, on October 15th, 1887, Dr. Baker came to relieve Dr. Leslie, who had had an offer of an appointment for China, Siam, &c. We were very sorry to lose him, he was so genial and good-humoured, one of the best-hearted men that ever lived; I may say a man who would go twenty miles out of his way to do you a service—and—great praise—he never said a word against anybody; above all, he had a true reverence for Richard. Dr. Baker had met us in Cannes in our trouble, and had been so kind that I urged him to accept our offer.

On March 19th, 1888, our birthday, Richard finished his last volum of the *Supplemental Nights* (the sixteenth volume). We were exceedingly relieved, because he had always had such a fear of not living to keep his engagements, and we had received money for it.

On April 2nd we began a second "*Reviewers Reviewed*" on the *Arabian Nights*' critics. (The first one was on the *Lusiads*. The rough handling Richard had received having raised our ire.)

Our days at Trieste after Richard got ill were passed in the following way:—Instead of getting up, as we used to do, at any time from three to half-past five, we rose at seven, had a breakfast of tea, bread and butter and fruit on a little table near a window, where he used to feed the sparrows and other garden birds on the window-sill, so that an almond tree which brushed up to the window was covered with them waiting, and, as he remarked, "they were quite imperious in their manners if he did not attend to them at once." He then wrote his journals—two sets, one private, which was kept in a drawer in my room; and one public ephemeris of notes, quotations, remarks, news, and weather memoranda; then he would fall to to his literature. If it was Thursday we answered all the correspondence. At nine o'clock the doctor would come in, and as I, being ill, could no longer stoop to help with his bath and toilette, Dr. Leslie, and afterwards Dr. Baker, superintended the bath and the electric foot-bath; but he shaved himself and dressed himself. During the bath he would frequently read out passages from what he was writing to them. The toilette finished, he resumed his literature till half-past ten, when, if the weather permitted, he would go out for a good walk with the doctor. At twelve o'clock we had

breakfast, which was really luncheon, after which he smoked (always the tobacco of the country—those long, thin black cigars with a straw down the middle), and played with the kitten, and talked. He was very cheerful and enjoyed his meals; he would then lie on his bed with a book, and sleep perhaps for an hour, and then get up and do more literature. A little after three, if it was winter, he would go for another walk in the garden, or, if bad weather, into the hall, or in summer time, at about five o'clock, for a good long drive, or very often an excursion in the neighbourhood, and was always accompanied by the doctor or me, or both of us. Tea was at four, a sit-down tea, which was purposely made into a meal of all sorts of fruits, cake, sweets, and jam, because it was the hour for our intimates to pour in, and he enjoyed it. If any friends, English or other, were passing through Trieste, they lunched and dined with us. He liked company, and it did him a great deal of good; and he always used to say "that he liked to see his fellow creatures, at hotels and public places, for instance, even if he did not want to mix with them," but generally all the nice men in the hotel collected round him, smoking and listening to his conversation. After tea and talk and walk were over, he went to his room and worked steadily till seven, or half-past, when we had dinner. He enjoyed his dinner, after which he sat in an armchair and smoked and talked. Glorious talk and sweet musical voice that we shall never hear again on earth—a perfect education to those who had the boon of hearing him! Sometimes, if the nights were fine, we used to sit on our verandah overlooking the sea and mountains, and watching the moon and stars through a telescope planted there for the purpose. At nine o'clock at night he retired, the doctor again helped him to undress, and then left for the night; and I said night prayers with him; and we talked awhile. He would ask me for a novel—he always said "he cooled his head with a novel when the day's work was done"—and we went to bed, he reading himself to sleep. Sometimes he did not sleep well and was restless, and sometimes very well, but in all cases far better than he had ever done before he was an invalid.

After the cessation of his work for the *Arabian Nights*—the last appeared November 8th, 1888—he passed some months between the *Supplemental Nights* and the *Scented Garden*, that is the famous "burnt manuscript," in writing what he called "chow-chow," odds and ends that he had been waiting to finish up.

I may as well mention this, because it is represented to the world

that my poor husband had been engaged on a most beautiful and scientific work for thirty years, that he had finished it all but the last page, that it contained gems of science, that it was full of transcendental Oriental poetry, and that I brutally burnt it, the day after he was dead, in either wanton ignorance or bigotry. Now, the truth is this. Ever since 1842, whenever my husband came across any information on *any* subject, he collected it and pigeon-holed it, and at this particular time the accumulations of twenty-seven years (since Grindlay's fire, which lost all preceding ones) were pigeon-holed in different compartments, on as many as twenty different subjects. As fast as he had finished one book, he opened a compartment to produce another, and sometimes had several books on the stocks at the same time, on as many different large plain deal tables. It was towards the end of 1888 that he pulled out of its nook the material which would go towards the *Scented Garden*, and he translated it from an Arabic manuscript called the *Perfumed Garden*, by the Shaykh El Nefzáwĭh, a Kabyle Arab of the early sixteenth century (925 Hegira), the French translations of which are as poor, as translations of the original, as all the translations of the *Arabian Nights* were (except Mr. John Payne's) until Richard's came out, which was the perfect one. The only value in the book at all consisted in his annotations, and there was no poetry. I have often bewailed my own folly in considering that I was in any way responsible to or owed any explanation to the public, respecting my husband's writings, and the only object of my letter was to deliver myself from the bother of the letters and visits of a very large number of would-be purchasers. I never supposed for an instant that my action would excite any comment, one way or the other, much less did I suppose that anyone would attach any kind of blame to my husband, any more than to the printing of the *Arabian Nights*, which gave him great *kudos* and plenty of money. I know that no one would have *dared* to blame him had he been alive, nor to have represented me as throwing a blight on his reputation for whom I would at any moment, during a period of forty years, have cheerfully given my life. I knew that this book, being the outcome of sickness during the last two years of his life, was not up to the standard of his former works. Turner's executors burnt a few of his last pictures under similar circumstances to leave his reputation as a painter at its zenith. I acted from the same motive. I should not have dared to burn any autobiography, and every word that he wrote about himself to be given to the public will be given. People must not tell me that I am no judge

because I wrote *with* him, and *for* him, and also copied everything for him, for the first twenty-six of our thirty years' married life till I broke down myself, and the *Arabian Nights* was then handed over to another copyist, I doing all the rest. He laid no stress on bringing it out, except for money's sake. When he had done the *Arabian Nights*, he said, in his joking honest way, "I have struggled for forty-seven years, distinguishing myself honourably in every way that I possibly could, I never had a compliment, nor a 'thank you,' nor a single farthing. I translate a doubtful book in my old age, and I immediately make 16,000 guineas. Now that I know the tastes of England, we need never be without money." Had we lived to come home together, I should have talked him off printing it, as I did another manuscript, quite on a different subject, and he knew that if I had my will I would burn it. This did not prevent him, about eight weeks before he died, leaving me sole executrix of all he possessed, with instructions "to sift thoroughly, and publish anything that I thought would not misrepresent him to the public," adding, "having been my sole helper for thirty years, I wish you to act solely on your own judgment and discretion." Now, I judged, after long thinking, that the subject would be unpopular, that had he lived to explain it, to talk about it in the clubs amongst his men friends, it would have been different, that I probably should have worked the financial part of it, as I did that of the *Arabian Nights*, because I should not have read it, and large sums would doubtless have accrued from it. He always wrote over the heads of his public, and sixty years in advance of his time: I think that about fifteen people would possibly have understood it and his motives (which were always noble) if the germ was big enough to produce the good intended.

Given fifteen people to read and understand, given a dead hero who could no longer profit from the money, who could not explain or defend himself if he were attacked by the Press, who could not enjoy the praise of a small section of his fellow men; given two thousand or more other men who could buy the book and in course of time would tire of it and sell it. It would be bought by rich Tom, Dick, and Harry. It would by degrees descend amongst the populace out of Holywell-street, the *very opposite result* to what the upright, manly translator would have desired, and the whole contents might be so misunderstood by the uneducated that the good, noble, glorious life of Richard Burton, of which I and thousands of others are most proud, and delight to honour

might sixty years hence receive a very different colouring from the truth, and be handed down to posterity in a false light.

Many people will regret that Richard did not leave his manuscripts in the hands of a literary man, a lawyer, or a so-called friend. If he had, little men without a name would have profited by it, by tacking on theirs to his big name, money would have been made, and everybody, without distinction, who could have paid would have been pandered to, but *nobody* would have thought of the dead man, the soldier, the chivalrous gentleman in his tomb—he knew this. *I alone* stand here, and I think it an honour, for his sake, to bear with the epithets of scorn that the brutality of the athlete, and the dyspepsia of the effete—mostly anonymous Braves—have showered upon me. All that he has left will be given to the public by degrees, if it is more than a mere sketch, but it is cruel to the dead to give their sketches to the world and pretend that they are their best work, simply because they fetch money.*

* I was told yesterday that a *Scented Garden*, from one of the numerous mild French translations, is being sold and passed off to the uneducated, not to scholars, as Burton's *Scented Garden*, under the false plea that I carried away with me from Trieste a copy of it. I now state upon my oath, that there were but two copies of Richard Burton's *Scented Garden*, one was his own original, and one a clean copy, that I burnt them both, and that no other copy was made from them, and I warn the world against buying a spurious article. I also was told that people talk about bringing out works in collaboration with my husband. There is only one genuine collaboration, and that will appear in time; that is *Catullus;* Richard Burton's poetry, Mr. Leonard Smithers' prose. Richard, to save me, used to pretend to his men friends that I knew nothing of these works, and people who want notoriety pretend that they were collaborating with him, thinking they can do so *now* with impunity. Richard *did* tell me everything, although he did not allow me to read the works; but now that he has left me his literary executrix I find it necessary to say that I *do* know my own business, that I warn people from taking liberties with my husband's name and my property to sell spurious literature. About six weeks before Richard died (not because he contemplated his death, but because we were going away for four months to Greece and Constantinople, which would leave us very little time on our return for the actual exodus on the following July 1st) we took, a week together, in the early morning, a list of all the manuscripts, published and unpublished, and their destinations when packed up for England. Hence, when I was offered assistance in the sorting and arrangements from numbers of people after his death, I replied, That I did not want help, because I knew them as a shepherd knows his sheep—hence a few bitter enemies. Now, there is nothing missing of the manuscripts, and the so-called collaborations are all in my husband's handwriting, and I have them, or rather I keep all my literary treasures in a bank for safety, and take them out piece-meal as I need them. Three of his diaries have indeed been abstracted since his death, 1859, 1860, and 1861, but fortunately they are not the *private* ones, which were always kept under lock and key, but those containing public remarks, memoranda, and so on, which were left about. Numbers of our best books have also disappeared, notably an old Shakespeare of twelve vols., which he charged me never to part with. Of course it is impossible to say where they may have been lost during a period of seventeen months; I only got them housed last March; only after I am dead let no one exhibit them as "gifts from my intimate friend and fellow-worker, Richard Burton." *But there are no manuscripts missing.*

On July 19th, 1888, we arrived at the St. James's Hotel, in London. We had not been in London for two years, and we had naturally an immense quantity of people to see, and business to transact. About ten days after Richard got rather ill, and kept us in a great fright, but it lasted a very short time, as he was at his club next day. One could imagine what a delight it was to him to return to the club. He used to like to be dropped there at about half-past eleven or twelve, he would lunch there, take a siesta after, and read and write, and see his men friends, and then either Dr. Baker or I used to call for him at six. It was the only free time he used to get from our surveillance, the whole three and a half years of his illness, and it was an immense relief to him. I do not mean to say that he could not be alone in his rooms as much as ever he liked, but we never let him walk out or drive out by himself, lest a return of the attack should occur when there was no assistance at hand, and we always carried restoratives in our pockets.

The St. James's was too noisy, although Richard thought the situation quite perfect. His central point of the world was Apsley House, and he despised everything between that and the desert: just as in religion he always declared there were only two points, Agnosticism and Catholicism. Dr. Baker here took a holiday, Dr. Leslie came back to us, and after the former came back we returned to the Langham Hotel.

It would seem as if we were always changing our abode, and so it was. His magnetism was so immense, his brain travelled so fast, absorbed so quickly, that he sucked dry all his surroundings, whether place, scenery, people, or facts, before the rest of us had settled down to realise whether we liked a place or not. When he arrived at this stage everything was flat to him, and he would anxiously say, "Do you think I shall live to get out of this, and to see another place?" and I used regularly to say, "Of course you will; let us go to-day if you feel like that," and that would quiet him so far that he would say, "Oh, no! say next Monday or Tuesday," and then we went. During the latter days of his life this restlessness became absolutely part of his complaint, and we used to seem to be moving on every week.

On October 15th, 1888, Richard left London. Little did we think he would never more return to it alive. We stayed at Folkestone ten days to be near his sister and niece, and had some charming country drives. We crossed on October 26th, his last sight of Old England. Two years later he was gone.

Since Richard had been ill he was quite a different man to what he had been previously, in tastes and feelings. Whereas before he was always cold, and would have fires in the height of summer, now in the bitterest weather a fire in his room made him sick. He would now eat sweet things and drink milk, which in his stronger days he could not look at. He slept, instead of whole nights of insomnia, though often not as well as one could wish. He liked the world and company, whereas before he had shunned the general run of society, and in many other ways was different.

When one writes with curtailed time and space it is not easy to say what one wants, and what I am going to say (being no longer tongue-tied as I have been by a promise till now) should have gone with me as a secret to the grave, if I had not been "badgered and run to earth" by Agnostics in anonymous letters and scurrilous paragraphs.

Richard had English, Irish, Scotch, and French blood in his veins, and it has often been suggested (though never proved) a drop of Oriental, or gipsy, blood from some far-off ancestor. His Scottish, North England, and Border blood came out in all posts of trust and responsibility, in steadiness and coolness in the hour of danger, in uprightness and integrity, and the honour of a gentleman. Of Irish blood he showed nothing excepting fight, but the two foreign strains were strong. From Arab or gipsy he got his fluency of languages, his wild and daring spirit, his Agnosticism, his melancholy pathos, his mysticism, his superstition (I am superstitious enough, God knows, but he was far more so), his divination, his magician-like foresight into events, his insight, or reading men through like a pane of glass, his restless wandering, his poetry. From a very strong strain of Bourbon blood (Richard showed "race" from the top of his head to the sole of his feet), which the Burtons inherit, that is, *my* Burtons, he got his fencing, knowledge of arms, his ready wit and repartee, his boyish gaiety of character as alternately opposed to his melancholy, and, lastly, but not least, his Catholicism as opposed to the Agnosticism of the East, which is not in the least like the Agnosticism of the West. But it was not a fixed thing like my Catholicism; it ran silently threaded through his life, alternately with his Agnosticism, like the refrain of an opera.

He always had such ready, sparkling wit, and it was never offensive nor hurtful. One day as we were on board a ship, at the other side of the world, going to a rather uncivilised place, a Catholic Archbishop stepped on board. My husband whispered, "Introduce me." I did so,

and they became very friendly, and sat down to chat. The Archbishop was a very clever man, but no match for Richard. My husband began to chaff, and said, "My wife is the Jesuit of the family." "What a capital thing for *you*," answered the Archbishop. Presently some apes were jumping about the rigging, so the Archbishop looked up and said playfully, "Well! Captain Burton, there are some of your ancestors." Richard was delighted, he puiled his moustache quietly, looking very amused and a little shy and apologetic, and said with that cool drawl of his, "Well, my lord, I, at least, have made a little progress, but—what about your lordship, who is descended from the angels?" The Archbishop roared; he was delighted with the retort, and treasures it up as a good story till this day.

Heredity is a strong thing, and cannot always be shaken off. It breeds alike forms of body, forms of soul, disease to this, good teeth or scanty hair to that, or colour, or talents, or creed. My Burtons mostly have Catholic-phobia; they hate it without knowing what it is, because their ancestors seceded from it at the time of the Reformation; but one of the most anti-Catholic of them, at the age of seventeen, wrote me more than one beautiful letter imploring me to take her, and get her baptised and received into the Catholic Church. I have them amongst my treasures now, but I did not do so, because it would have been an act of treachery to her mother, and dishonourable to take advantage of a girl, and she has since been very grateful for it. Another Burton, whilst labouring from the effects of an Indian sunstroke, used always to turn his face alternately towards Mecca (evidently thinking of my husband), and then turn the other way and say his rosary: something Catholic having come into his unbiassed, unconscious brain. Richard, when he was out in India, had no one to keep him in order; so, as soon as he was well emancipated and untrammelled, he answered the call of blood, and transferred himself to the Catholic Church, and this is the way he describes it to the public—he always spoke lightly of the things he felt the most: "What added not a little to the general astonishment was, that I left off 'sitting under' the garrison chaplain, and betook myself to the chapel of the chocolate-coloured Goanese priest who adhibited spiritual consolation to the buttrels, butlers, and head servants, and other servants of the camp." He frequently spoke in after writings of "the Portuguese priest who had charge of my soul," who, when Richard committed some escapade, "was like a hen who had hatched a duckling." These writings were lent by Richard to Mr.

Hitchman, with other notes, in 1887, but he did not understand the importance of it, nor what it pointed to, and left it amongst the parts he did not use.* When I asked Richard how it was that it escaped public comment he said, "Because, when I mention that I went to the chocolate-coloured priest of the Goanese Church, the English only think it is some black tribe, where I have been probably tarred and feathered, whilst I was very much in earnest; but since it is no use annoying my people, and as it has escaped Mr. Hitchman, and as it only concerns you and me, and is no business of any outsider, I do not wish you to say anything about it till my death or some time after my death, and that only if you are put in any difficulty." Cardinal Wiseman knew it, for he passed Richard through all the missions in wild places all over the world as a Catholic officer, and was willing to patronise my marriage. But Richard never let *me* know anything about it until some time after we were married, and I have kept it all my life a secret. I have always steadily said that "*I did not know*," because I never meant to tell it to anyone but those who had a right to ask, as I did not see how it concerned the public.

The public have allowed me to think it unworthy of having anything but *public* events related to it by the result of my stupid confidence about the burnt MSS.; one almost begrudges it the truth. Look at Grant Allen, a strong and clever man, who stated a while ago in the *Athenæum* in a paragraph, "The worm will turn," that he had been asked to write something personal, that he threw his whole soul and religion into a book, and that when he gave it to his publisher he besought him to destroy it, or "no one would ever read one of his books again." It is the same with me; but I have one advantage: I want *nothing* of the public, except what it accords to me freely and out of its own courteous sympathy, unless I ask it to suspend all judgment till it has had my book, because an article is necessarily limited in length; and I am conscious of being in possession of *such* a subject, and *such* material, that if they do not read me the loss will be theirs and not mine.

In the *Nineteenth Century* of March, 1892, Mrs. Lynn Linton, who

* Mr. Hitchman returned all these writings to Richard, who wanted to use them for his own autobiography, which he was to begin in 1891, and I have them now for his biography.

had visited me as a friend, kissed me, and assured me of her friendship (other people being in the room), wrote as follows:—

"Women would confine the area of men's excursions to the limits of their own; and such conditions of the masculine life as they did not care to adopt they would forbid men to practise. We have had a notable instance of this absolutism of late, at the death of one of our own most learned scholars and frank agnostics. He was no sooner dead than his widow surrounded him with the emblems and rites of her own faith, which was not his. She did not shrink from inflicting this dishonour on the memory of the man who had systematically preached a doctrine so adverse to her own. She cared nothing for the integrity of the life she thus stultified—nothing for the grandeur of the intellect she thus belittled. What she thought right, that she determined he should be made to share, now that she was absolute and he was only one of the strengthless dead; and she would not see the pitiful discredit she thus cast on the name and memory of the man she professed to love."

This lady's knowledge of my husband is limited to seeing him at a dinner-table—perhaps six times in her life—and hearing his dinner-table conversation.

But Swinburne, who travelled with us for a month in Auvergne, and is a very old friend for whom we had a great regard, brought out his glorious Elegy of my beloved husband in July, glorious enough to be printed in letters of gold, and defiled it by the following lines:—

Priests and the soulless serfs of priests may swarm
With vulturous acclamation, loud in lies,
About his dust while yet his dust is warm
Who mocked as sunlight mocks their base blind eyes

Their godless ghost of godhead, false and foul
As fear his dam or hell his throne: but we,
Scarce hearing, heed no carrion church-kite's howl:
The corpse be theirs to mock; the soul is free.

(But, my dear Algernon, how *could* you speak of "The imperious soul's indomitable ascent"? Imperious souls do not rise; it was the humility of that soul that did not know its own worth, its own greatness, that made it soar; but I thank you for "The crested head, The royal heart." He always said that you were the greatest poet we have had since Shakespeare.)

Then, some time in spring, some vulgar little person wrote to a vulgar little paper twenty-eight lines of absolute untruths, saying that I "had written to the English Catholic papers that Sir Richard Burton had died a Catholic." This is absolutely my first statement, public or

private, except to the head of my Church. He also said that I was married by Protestants, and concluded: "If you, Mr. Editor, knew more of the circumstances, you would not think the language of Mrs. Lynn Linton unwarranted by the facts. *I* know them, perhaps better than Mrs. Lynn Linton, and had it devolved on *me* to write the article in the *Nineteenth Century*, *I* should have been less sparing of censure than she thought it fitting to be." This is rather an imprudent statement, as the circumstances lie in a nut-shell, and are all stated here in brief. I am nothing if not fair, and the Agnostics shall have their fill, in the book, of their own side of the question. I think that the world, if a man speaks its own shibboleth, if he wears its last new-fashioned coat in the Park, has no right to complain if he does not show it the colour of the singlet that he wears next to his skin, or the talisman that he wears round his neck, which his wife happens to see, because she helps him to dress and undress.

I feel with Walt Whitman:—

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained.
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition;
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God;
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things.

I am by no means going to tell you that his Catholicity was a life-long, fixed, and steady thing, like mine. It was not. He had long and wild fits of Eastern Agnosticism, but not the Agnosticism that I have seen in England since my widowhood. It was the mysticism of the East. Periodically he had equal Catholic fits, and practised it, hiding it sometimes even from me, though I knew it. In every place we lived in, except Trieste, he had a priest from whom he took lessons, but even this stopped after he had resident doctors and could not go out by himself. From Trieste he used formerly to go to Gorizia, two hours express inland, and other towns. He was worse than ever *in talk* the three last years, but the things that he said were so innocent and so witty that I was often compelled to laugh or to go away and laugh. Still, as I saw his health declining, I grew frightfully anxious, nay agonised, and in 1888, two years before he died, I made a general appeal for prayers in our Church, which he saw and kept a copy of in a drawer. From our earliest married days, one of his peculiarities (used, rather, I suspect, for training me to observe him, and to understand his wants)

would be that he would not tell me directly to do a thing, but I used to find in a book I was reading, or some drawer that I opened every day, or in his own room, marked by a weight, a few words of what he wanted, conveying no direct order, and yet I knew that it was one. I grew quite accustomed to this, and used regularly to visit the places where I was likely to find them, and if I missed there was a sort of "Go seek" expression on his face, that told me that I had not hunted properly, and I knew (by another expression) when I had succeeded. I used to call these "African spoors."

On the same principle he used to teach me to swim without my arms, and afterwards to swim without my legs, using either one or the other, but not both, in case of falling out of a steamer and being entangled.

We hold that "once a Catholic is always a Catholic," except by recantation, and I have two papers signed by him, one of which was put in my prayer-book, and one in a drawer, and they contained the following words: "I desire to die as a Catholic, and to receive the Sacraments of Penance, of Communion, and Extreme Unction. In case it should ever occur to me to revoke it, I now hereby declare that such revocation is to be held null and void," and another paper to the same effect, but in different words, was put in his own drawer four days before he died, so that the moment the doctor told me that he was in danger I immediately sent for the priest. He said once to me, a few weeks before he died, after an unusual burst of agnostic talk at tea, which had made me sad, "Do I hurt you when I talk like that?" and I smiled, and said rather sadly, "Well, yes! It always appears to me like speaking against our very best friend." He got a little pale, and said, "Well, I promise you that after I am free from our present surroundings I won't talk like that any more"; and I said, "How I long for the time to come when we shall be living quietly together in private life," and he answered, "So do I."

His last days will be fully described later on. It was at midnight on the 19th of October, 1890, that he suddenly became uneasy with gout. I was with him all night, and between whiles he laughed and talked and spoke of our future plans. At four a.m. he got more uneasy, and I fetched the doctor, who found his heart and pulse all right, gave him some medicine, and went away; but, being called up a second time, later on, soon pronounced him in danger. I at once called up all the servants, and sent in five directions for a priest, whilst the doctor

and I and Lisa, a sort of maid and companion, under his directions, tried every remedy and restorative in vain. The doctor, who was kindness itself, and in despair at his danger, applied the electric battery to the heart the whole time, and I knelt at his left side holding his hand and pulse. It was a country Slav priest (lately promoted to be our parish priest) who came. He called me aside and told me he could not give Extreme Unction to my husband, because he had not declared himself; but I besought him not to lose a moment in giving the Sacrament, for he was insensible and the soul was passing away, and that I had the means of satisfying him. He looked at us all three and asked us if he was dead, and we said no. Had he had to go back for the holy materials it would have been too late; but he had them with him, and immediately administered Extreme Unction—"Si vivis," or "Sies capax"—"If thou art alive"—and said the prayers for the departing soul. The doctor kept the battery to the heart all the time, and by Richard's clasp of my hand and a little trickle of blood under the finger, I think there was a slight thread of life until seven. Father Randal Lythegoe, a well-known theologian and Jesuit, once gave me Extreme Unction after I had been certified dead for several hours by two clever doctors; but I came to; so I sat all day by him watching and praying, expecting him to do the same. I thought the mouth and left eye moved, but the doctor said that it must have been my imagination. But what was *no* imagination was that the brain lived after the heart and pulse were still (I do not expect science to agree, but theology may), for on lifting up the eyelids the eyes were bright and intelligent as in life, like those of a man who saw something unexpected and wonderful and happy, and that light remained in them till towards sunset. I think that the soul went forth with the setting sun. It had set for me *for ever*, turning this beautiful world into a big grey desert.

Everybody in the house and of my husband's staff, except Lisa, who was a great deal in our private rooms, was doubtless surprised and perhaps wondered at my sending for the priest. Richard was so beautifully reserved, such a past master in concealing his real thoughts and feelings, whilst talking most freely, so as never to hurt his surroundings by letting them imagine that he did not trust them with everything. I used to tell him that he was like the "Man with the Iron Mask." He did not see what right anyone had to know anything, except what he just absolutely chose them to know. I cannot in a few pages describe so immense a character, but I trust that the public will understand

its grandeur and its peculiarity still more when they have read my book.

There is one more charge against me, which I should like to be allowed to refute. Some people are under the impression that I hindered his being buried in Westminster Abbey. I took particular care to get a friend to go to, or to write to, the Dean to know what the intentions were, and the Dean replied that "it was impossible to bury any more people at Westminster Abbey." I had no idea of accepting a second class funeral at modern St. Paul's (which, however, was not offered), so I saved our dignity by taking the initiative, following a line of our own, and refused before I was asked. In earlier days I had asked my husband, in case I survived him, what sort of burial he would like, having told him what I wanted for myself. He said: "I don't like being shut up in a vault, nor in the ground, nor cremation. I should like you to take my body out to sea, and throw it in." I said, "Oh! I could never do that; is there nothing else?" "Yes!" he said, "I should like us both to lie in a tent side by side," and we went off to the Catholic Cemetery, Mortlake, where fifteen of my people lie, and chose a bit of ground, but when we got back we reflected that it would be very stupid to send the money for it then, as we were not very well off, and that we might possibly die in Timbuctoo. He has now got the very thing he wanted, only of stone and marble instead of canvas. It is the only one in the world, and it is by far the most beautiful, most romantic, most un-death-like resting place in the wide world.

In Westminster Abbey, a wave of the arm would point out to the "trippers" the cold slab, and general corner of many men who were not fit to tie the latchet of his shoe—his name with a common list of theirs.

It makes me sad to see that there actually are people who think that the only honour that England should accord to Richard Burton, having failed to do him justice in this life, should be to bespatter his wife with mud after he is dead and can no longer defend her? Peace! I am not meddling with *your* concerns; let me listen without these jars for the only sound I wait to hear—and depart.

ISABEL BURTON.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

ON November 8th, 1892, the voters of the United States will be called upon to indicate their choice for President. It may, therefore, be interesting to consider the manner in which such contests are carried on, and the questions which have arisen in previous Presidential elections.

The "campaign," as the electoral struggle is popularly called, begins when the candidates are nominated, but the preliminaries go back to about a year before the election. In the early part of the century, nominations were often made two or even three years before the election; but since the adoption of the great nominating conventions in 1832 it is usual not to decide upon the candidates until May or June. In only three cases has there been an uncontested election—Washington, chosen in 1788-89 and 1792; and Monroe's second election in 1820. The incumbent of the office, if in his first term, almost always hopes for a re-nomination. Of the twenty-three persons elected as President, four died in office, seven were re-elected, four were defeated for a second term, and four only, Polk, Pierce, Buchanan, and Hayes, did not receive the re-nomination of their own party. It is noteworthy that not one of the four Presidents who came into office from the Vice-Presidency through the death of the President received a re-nomination.

The machinery by which candidates are put forward has now become well established. The voters of each party are supposed by a system of indirect elections to choose delegates to the National Convention. In fact, the number of voters who participate in this primary process is always small, and in many places is not a tenth of the party strength. Still, the National Conventions are bodies of delegates twice as large as the Senate and House of Representatives put together; making now 808, they are too large to be controlled by a few politicians, and both the great party conventions in 1892 have nominated candidates much more acceptable to the rank and file of their respective parties than to the political leaders.

With the candidates each party puts out a platform of its principles. By long established usage it is customary on questions upon which the party itself is divided to introduce a "straddle"—that is, a statement which will bear one construction in one part of the country and another in another. There have been some cases of very bold and outspoken "planks" in party platforms. Thus in 1856 the Republican party in its first convention denounced "those twin relics of barbarism—polygamy and slavery," and in 1892 the Democratic Convention declare that "the Republican policy of Protection is a fraud."

The engine of the "campaign" for each party is a "National Committee," composed of one member from each State: it is the duty of this committee to adopt a plan of campaign; to organise political meetings, and to circulate political literature; and to raise and to disburse the necessary funds. The chairman of the committee has very large responsibility, and one of his duties is to prevent the candidate from writing entangling letters or making damaging speeches. It is customary for the candidate to efface himself during the campaign: the most notable exceptions have been the public speeches of William Henry Harrison in 1840, and of James G. Blaine in 1884, both of which provoked serious comment. The candidate, however, may make a speech on accepting his nomination, and is expected to write an elaborate letter of acceptance, which is considered the key-note of the campaign.

Money is liberally used for three main purposes. The first is the education of the voter by circulating political documents and by holding political meetings. A new device introduced into the present campaign will save large sums of money to the campaign committees: Members of Congress are by custom allowed to print extracts as part of their speeches; and both Democratic and Republican members in the last session managed thus to introduce whole books, section by section. Thus Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" is spread at large on the records of Congressional debates. The speeches containing these extracts are circulated under the frank of the Congressman who made them. The second use of money is to keep up a semi-military organisation in both parties, the chief object of which is to appear a few times during the campaign in torch-light processions. This custom sprang up in 1860. The only persons who have a personal interest in the drill and in the cheap gaudy uniforms are half-grown boys, not yet voters—but neither party feels safe in omitting this means of impressing the imagination of the voters. The third use of money is for the purchase of votes

outright. Although made more difficult by the new ballot reform laws in most of the States, it is still practised openly and unblushingly. The money is spent most liberally in large States having a very close vote, for reasons which will appear later.

Who are the voters whose suffrages are thus desired and beguiled? Under the Constitution "each State shall appoint in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct a number of electors equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress." It therefore follows that a President might be elected without any voter directly taking part. In early days many of the State Legislatures appointed the electors themselves without further reference to their constituents. By common consent this privilege has been given up; it not infrequently happened that the Legislature which thus cast the vote no longer represented the people of the State. Another method which had more to recommend it was for the Legislature to divide the State into districts, each of which might choose an elector. Between 1832 and 1892 no instance occurred in which this device was used. In 1890, however, a Democratic Legislature was chosen in Michigan, and passed a law reviving this obsolete system for that State; and it is expected that the vote of Michigan will be divided in 1892. So much popular prejudice was aroused by the Act that a test case was made up and brought before the United States Courts, urging that it was unconstitutional; but the court decided that the Legislature had acted within its powers. The almost universal method is for the Legislature to direct that each voter may cast his ballot "for as many electors as the State is entitled to choose." This so-called "general ticket system" is, of course, the French *scrutin de liste*. This method has serious and disagreeable consequences: a very small preponderance in a State carrying a large number of voters may decide, and usually does decide, the whole contest. In every election since 1876 the vote of New York was necessary to the winning candidate, and the majorities in that State have been 21,000, 1,150, and 14,000. Hence in large and thickly populated States, particularly New York and Indiana, most strenuous and often very corrupt efforts are made to secure the largest vote possible on each side. A further result is that Presidents are not infrequently elected who have much less than a popular majority. Many remedies have been proposed: the most ingenious is that in each State the total electoral vote should be divided *pro rata* among the various parties in proportion to their total popular vote. This would give great encouragement to minorities throughout

the Union, but would take away the great power now vested in a few voters in large States. As no general change can be made except by a constitutional amendment, there is no immediate hope of this reform.

Who are the voters who are to cast their ballots in November? Here comes in one of the anomalies of the American Constitution. The Legislatures may make such persons voters as they please. They have chosen, with a few unimportant exceptions, to bestow the suffrage upon every native man more than twenty-one years of age, convicts, criminals, insane and defective persons alone excluded. In only one State in the Union is there any longer a property qualification; tax qualifications have disappeared except in two States. Three States only, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Mississippi, disfranchise persons who are not able to read and write, and in the last of these States the provision is liberally interpreted so as to exclude blacks and admit whites. Three additions to the usual category of voters must be noticed. In one State, Wyoming, the least important in the Union, women are admitted to the suffrage. In all the States naturalised aliens more than twenty-one years of age vote on equal terms with natives: of 4,300,000 such persons 2,500,000 are naturalised. The third addition is made in many States by their admitting to the suffrage persons who have declared their intention of becoming citizens. The total number of voters in 1892 is about 14,000,000: the total vote will probably reach 11,300,000. The statistics show a slow increase in the number of votes cast in proportion to the population—that is, in interest in Presidential elections. Of the 14 per cent. of voters who do not appear at the polls, more than two-thirds can be accounted for by various accidents: loss of legal residence is very frequent in a country where there is so much shifting about. The percentage of voters to population is 8 or 9 per cent. larger than in Germany, a country with compact population, good roads, and great interest in political matters.

The details of the election are commonly left to State legislation, although Congress has constitutional power to make such regulations as it chooses. It has passed only one statute on the subject, making it possible to appoint Federal supervisors of elections in the great cities. The popular impression of that Act is that it was intended to give the Republicans some control over the elections in the Democratic city of New York. In 1890 the so-called Force Bill, a general Act providing for Federal control of elections throughout the United States, came very near passing through Congress. It was defeated only by a singular

political combination : certain Democratic members and senators agreed to vote for free silver coinage, if Republican senators would vote against the Election Bill. The Bill has been vigorously attacked, and is now apparently dropped by the Republican party, which made itself responsible for it.

The only national rule for elections is that they shall all be held on the same day. Since 1845 that day has been the Tuesday after the first Monday in November. For many years some of the States continued to hold separate elections for State officers in October. The results were likely to have great influence on the national elections a month later, and hence desperate attempts were made by both parties to carry these States, and large sums of money were used in the purchase of votes. Ohio and Indiana were the States most affected by this system. Almost every State now holds its State election on the same day as the national election. The saving in time and expense is very considerable, but the coincidence of the two systems makes it possible to enter into so-called "deals," "trades," or "combinations." Thus it was popularly believed in New York in 1888 that some ten or fifteen thousand Republican voters agreed to cast their ballots for the Democratic candidate for Governor if an equal number of Democratic votes were cast for the Republican candidate for Presidential electors, and that the election of David B. Hill as Governor and of Benjamin Harrison as President was thus accomplished. In only one State in the Union is an absolute majority required ; the ticket for Presidential electors receiving the largest total of votes is held to be chosen. Hence second elections are not necessary, and on the morning after election day the result is almost always ascertained.

The electors always live in the State for which they are chosen, and it is customary to put on the ticket one man from each congressional district. Vacancies frequently occur by the death of electors between the time of their choice and the time of meeting; the question then arises whether in such a case the candidate having the number of votes next to that of the lowest elector on the successful ticket shall be considered elected. As this means a transfer of the vote from one political party to the other the principle has been strenuously resisted, and it is the practice for the State authority to fill the vacancy. In the hotly contested election of 1876 one vacancy was filled by the other electors on the ticket without any distinct statute.

It was originally intended that the choice of electors should be

simply a preliminary, and that they should exercise their unbiassed judgment in the selection of a President. Under ordinary circumstances, however, the electors are simply a registering machine. The body of electors in each State constitutes an "electoral college," and each such body holds a meeting on the first Wednesday of January for the purpose of casting ballots. Absentees are almost unknown; although in 1800 a Maryland elector failed to attend. Until 1804 each elector cast two ballots without distinguishing between his candidate for the Presidency and his candidate for the Vice-Presidency. This led to the celebrated deadlock of 1801, when Jefferson and Burr each received one vote from each of the Republican electors, and there was a tie. Under the system which has obtained since 1804, each elector casts one vote for President and one vote for Vice-President. The results of the ballot in each college are then declared, and the returns are sealed up and despatched to the authorities of the United States in Washington. The office of messenger to carry the ballots, especially from the distant States, is much esteemed, since it gives an opportunity for a pleasure trip at the expense of the Government.

In order to make their votes of any effect, the electors must observe the constitutional qualifications of the President: he must be a natural born citizen of the United States. At the time the Constitution was framed there was an exception in favour of persons already naturalised in the United States. This is supposed to have been inserted so as to make Alexander Hamilton, who was born in St. Nevis, eligible for the Presidency. The only question which has ever arisen out of this clause was a query as to whether President Arthur was not born just over the Vermont boundary in Canada. The President must be thirty-five years old. He must have been fourteen years a resident of the United States; foreign diplomatic service is technically included in such a residence. The Vice-President must have the same qualifications. There is no constitutional reason why both President and Vice-President should not reside in the same State, although it is customary to choose them from widely separated sections.

The whole question of qualification is rather one for conventions than for electoral colleges, since the electors vote for persons previously designated by nominating conventions. In 1876, when the election turned upon a single vote, and there was great confusion, it was suggested that an elector should vote for some neutral candidate, and thus bring about a tie which must be settled by the House of Representatives. Not

one of the 183 Republican electors paid heed to this suggestion. Some attempt was made at that time to buy an elector's vote; but in order to receive the bribe the elector must change in the face of the whole country, and there is not the slightest danger that such an attempt could be successful.

Electors have, however, been obliged to exercise their own judgment, owing to the death of the candidate for President or Vice-President between the time of the election and the assembling of the colleges. The most noted instance was that of 1872: sixty-six Democratic electors were chosen pledged to vote for Horace Greeley for President and for B. Gratz Brown for Vice-President. Greeley died; they were in a small minority, and finally forty-two of them voted for a prominent living Democrat, eighteen for Brown for President, and three soberly cast their ballots for Horace Greeley or his shade. Should a candidate die who had a majority of electors in his favour there is no precedent to decide what shall be done. .Either his supporters in the electoral colleges would choose as President the person designated for the Vice-Presidency, or, as is much more likely, a new national convention of the party would be assembled and nominate a candidate; and in such a case the nomination would undoubtedly be followed by the electors.

On the first Wednesday in February the House and Senate assemble together to count the electoral vote. The framers of the Constitution appear to have had in mind the simple arithmetical process of adding the results forwarded from the electoral colleges; but if, as has frequently happened, there are two sets of returns from the same State, or the validity of the single return is disputed, there must be some tribunal to decide which is to be counted. The framers of the Constitution appear to have overlooked this possible difficulty. On that decision in 1876 depended the result of the election. In 1865 a joint rule was adopted by which, in case objection was made to any vote, it could be counted only by agreement of both Houses. At that time the Senate and House were both strongly Republican, and in 1873 the votes of two States were rejected in this manner. When, after the election of 1876, between Tilden and Hayes, it was seen that disputed returns were certain to come in, the House was Democratic, and the Senate refused to continue the rule. In every instance the House set up such a construction of the law as was likely to bring in a Democratic return; and the Senate attempted in every disputed case to bring in a Republican return: there was an absolute deadlock, and threats of civil war. The

difficulty was overcome by an extra-judicial "Electoral Commission," the result of whose decision the Senate and House had both agreed to accept.

An Act of 1887 has attempted to prevent the recurrence of such difficulties. Wherever a State has erected a tribunal with power to decide in cases of disputed returns, the finding of that tribunal is to be accepted by Congress. If there is no such tribunal the vote of the State may be thrown out altogether, unless both Houses concur in receiving it.

Three times the count of electoral votes has shown no choice. Under the Constitution the successful candidate must have a majority of all the votes. In 1800 Jefferson and Burr had each seventy-three; and, as is required in such cases, the election then was made by the House of Representatives, the members from each State casting one vote conjointly. At that time the House was Federalist, and both the persons eligible were Republicans. At first they aimed to choose Burr, who had been intended by his own party for the Vice-Presidency. Excitement ran very high, till the Federalists yielded and permitted the election of Jefferson. In 1825 the House was called upon to select the President from the three candidates, Jackson, John Quincy Adams, and Crawford, and they chose Adams, although he had fewer electoral votes, and fewer popular votes, than Jackson. In 1836 there was no choice for Vice-President, and the Senate chose R. M. Johnson.

What was the purpose and the effect of this indirect vote? It arose out of an unwillingness to submit either to the people direct or to Congress the choice of so important an officer. It was thought that the indirect system would concentrate attention on personal character and would prevent the election of mere popular heroes. There was a very just distrust of permitting Congress to serve as the electoral body; it was felt that candidates would intrigue, would make pledges in advance, and thus that Congress would be more likely to make the Executive their instrument. It must be remembered that the President, once chosen, is, under the Constitution, quite free from any direct interference by Congress; his position was, therefore, intentionally made different from that of the English Prime Minister. To leave his choice to Congress would have enabled them to put a man in power whom for four years they could not reach, and the natural tendency of that system must have been to bring forward weak Presidents rather than strong. The system of choice by the Legislature has been very successful in Switzerland, but the present condition of the President in the French

Republic shows what might have been reasonably apprehended in America.

A general popular vote, a *plébiscite*, was not thought of when the Constitution was framed in 1789: there never had been any general national elections; and it was plain that under such a system a few populous States agreeing together could out-weigh the rest of the Union. The indirect system was therefore chosen, as retaining the element of popular government, and at the same time preserving the influence of the small States.

Many suggestions have been made that a general popular election be substituted for the present system. The "reform" would bring very serious difficulties. In case of very close votes like that of 1880, when there was a popular majority of 15,000 out of a vote of more than 8,000,000, it might take many weeks to ascertain the precise vote of each party, and thus to declare the election. The States in which one party is decidedly in the ascendant would offer great opportunities for fraud, since there is no large and well-organised minority to detect it. Furthermore, of late years it is unusual for any candidate to have a majority of all the popular votes, owing to the appearance of third party candidates.

The main reason for establishing the indirect system was to assure the small States that a President should not be forced upon them; but the unexpected and irregular growth of the Union has caused some curious anomalies. Thus, New York has a population of more than 6,000,000, and chooses thirty-six electors, an average of one for every 168,000 persons. Nevada has a population of about 45,000, and chooses three electors, an average of about 15,000 persons to each elector. It is quite possible for a President to be chosen who has less than a majority of the votes. Zachary Taylor, in 1848, was in a minority of 140,000. James Buchanan in 1856, General Garfield in 1880, Grover Cleveland in 1884, and Benjamin Harrison in 1888 had less than half the votes cast. Hayes was made President in 1877, though he had 250,000 less votes than Tilden; and in 1860 President Lincoln received a majority of the electoral votes, though he had but 1,800,000 votes against 2,800,000 cast for three other candidates conjointly. Popular majorities are sometimes overwhelming, as when General Grant had 700,000 more than Horace Greeley in 1872; they are often very small. In 1844 Polk had but 38,000. Since 1872 the aggregate vote of the two great parties has been very close. It is evident that sons as they come to their maturity usually vote as their fathers have voted. The

Democratic success in the Congressional election of 1890 was due to the fact that many thousands of Republican electors stayed away in thickly populated electoral districts, not to the conversion of voters from one party to another.

Intimidation and fraud have played a great part in Presidential elections. In 1874 the Democrats regained possession of the State governments in the South and the House of Representatives in Congress by preventing the blacks from voting, and six or seven hundred thousand negro voters will stay away from the polls in 1892. The only Presidential elections into which ballot stuffing and fraudulent counting of votes have seriously entered are those of 1844 and 1876. The Democrats of 1844 carried Louisiana for Polk by increasing their vote in one parish from 310 to 1,007. These votes were cast by a crowd of men on a steamer, who moved from polling place to polling place, depositing their ballots in each.

The complicated electoral machinery takes more account of the State vote than of the popular vote. Usually every State holds its electoral college, but in the very first election of 1788 New York, owing to a quarrel in the Legislature, cast no votes at all. Several times States have attempted to vote before they were fairly admitted to the Union. This was the case with Missouri, which was not finally admitted until after the election of 1820, but succeeded in getting her vote counted in that election. In 1864 eleven States had no representation in the electoral college because they were engaged in civil war against the Government; and as late as 1872 two of those States were still not allowed to vote. There is a strong feeling of civic pride in casting the vote of a State as a unit, hence the deep-seated popular objection to the choice of electors by districts. The effect of this unit vote is seen by the fact that in nine Presidential elections the person elected could not have been chosen without the vote of New York. It is in this way that the voters of the great States gain what they lose by the giving of electoral votes to the small frontier States, and it is this which has given such extraordinary political force to the so-called "Mugwumps." They are a body of a few thousand men, found chiefly in Massachusetts and New York, and drawn, for the most part, from the Republican party, who cannot be depended upon to vote for any candidate whom they do not personally approve. The retention of 600 of their votes by Mr. Blaine in 1884 would have given him the Presidency.

Many of the forty-four States in the Union can be depended upon

from decade to decade to vote for the candidate of a particular party. Texas has never cast its electoral vote for any but a Democrat; Kansas and Minnesota have never been anything but Republican in Presidential elections. Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Illinois, and Iowa have uniformly cast Republican votes since the party was founded in 1856. There are, however, in 1892, symptoms that some of these States may be detached. This is owing to the growth of third party movements. With few exceptions, since the Constitution was founded the votes in the electoral college have gone for one of two candidates. Since 1860 there have been no electoral votes except Republican and Democratic, although in 1880 a labour candidate got 300,000 popular votes. The third party movements are often successful in State politics; they may obtain a majority in the Legislature, or even elect a governor; but they make no figure in the Presidential election unless they have at least a majority of all the votes cast in some State. The two great exceptions to this principle have been the elections of 1824 and 1860. The first was a personal struggle between four candidates not differing essentially among themselves in political principles. In the election of 1860 the Democratic party was split, and the two great elements of the Republican party had not yet got together, so that four candidates received electoral votes. The adoption of the system of proportional representation by which each party in each State would receive a number of electors proportioned to its share of the total vote would greatly encourage third parties, since it would frequently give them the balance of power. It would also increase the interest in elections; at present there is no political object to be served by bringing out a large vote in the sure States. Should this system be adopted—and any State has the constitutional right to establish it for itself—a few third party electors from each of the several States would combine into a powerful and compact minority, perhaps able to dictate to the other parties.

On the same day as the Presidential election comes the choice of representatives for the first Congress which will sit under the new President; and in many States the Legislatures are chosen which are later to elect Senators. November 8th, 1892, ought, therefore, to be an opportunity for the expression of popular approval or disapproval of the administration now in power. The electoral machinery is so peculiar that a change in the Presidency, the Senate, and the House through one election is very unusual; since 1874 there have been but two occasions on which all these three branches of the legislating power have been elected

from the same party. The Senate changes so slowly that it practically remains as the bulwark for the defeated party until it can recover its strength. In 1876, and again in 1880, the House of Representatives, elected at the same time as the Republican President Hayes and President Garfield, was Democratic. The result, when the Houses are of different parties, is a great loss of efficiency: each House tries to throw upon the other the responsibility for bad legislation, and each tries, to use a current political phrase, "to put the other in a hole" by forcing it to take issue on some question against its will.

The Presidential election always arouses greater interest than any local or State election. For at least two months the country is in an uproar; great political meetings are held; there are torch-light processions; throughout the Union there are local committees in charge of the "campaign," and these report to their State committee and through it to the national. Money is raised by the national committee, apportioned among the States, and sub-divided so as to reach the points where it can accomplish most. The last days before the election are days of intense excitement. In 1880, on the second day before the election a facsimile of a letter advocating the use of Chinese labour, attributed to General Garfield, was spread broadcast throughout the country by the National Democratic Committee. General Garfield instantly denied that the letter was his, and it was afterwards shown to be a clumsy forgery. The Democratic Committee, however, declined to withdraw it, and the result was that in California the Republican vote was so much reduced that one or two Republican electors failed to be chosen. It was generally felt that this was an unworthy trick, and it is not likely to be repeated.

On the night of the election messengers, furnished beforehand by the rival parties, transmit the results as soon as the count is made to the nearest telegraph office. By midnight the despatches begin to come in to the great cities, and a comparatively small number of returns suffices to show whether the tide is setting one way or the other. The candidates usually have private wires leading to their houses, and are furnished with early returns. By three o'clock in the morning the newspapers have a fairly accurate report. The next day the results are known throughout the Union, and within two days the excitement and bad feeling of the campaign have disappeared. Whichever candidate is chosen the people settle down, accept the inevitable, and there is a general feeling of relief that business may go on for a time untroubled by political questions.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

THE STUDY OF DREAMS.

DR. RADCLIFFE, a distinguished physician of our own day, who was greatly given to metaphysics and psychology, drew from dreams very large inferences; speculative inferences, I mean. What seems to have struck him most is the annihilation of time and space in dreams. He remarks that here "imagination at once sets at naught the notion which measures time in moments and space in footsteps, by continually passing from one moment to any other in time, or from one point to another in space, without the least feeling of having made any movement"; and he infers from this observation that he may probably be justified in thinking that our true relations to time and space are not exactly those which we believe them to be when we are awake. "How is it that I am at once introduced into a world of spirit in which there is, as it were, no time and space, in which I lose the distinction between now and then, between here and there? I do not explain the fact by saying that it is a mere fiction of my imagination. Imagination is a manifestation of my own being. Where imagination can be, there *I* must be—in spirit at least. In a word, I do not see how to account for the operations of my (dream) imagination in time and space without supposing that I must be a *spirit* which is truly alive in the past and future as well as in the present, and which is in the true sense of the word ubiquitous. And so it may be that my true relations to time and space are made known to me more clearly in a dream than at any other time." But imagination is also creative. Its phenomena "are utterly unintelligible unless there be in men a spirit which participates in the nature of the Creator so far as to be not only superior to time and space but also truly poetic or creative." And so "from this point of view you may look upon yourself as a spirit which may be incarnated at one time and translated out of reach of the senses at another." You are "more or less at liberty to believe that the dead and living may exist together in a world of spirit, in which the so-called living are less living than

very many of the so-called dead; that in fact the dead may come and go as they do in dreams."

These are not opinions, of course; they are speculations; but speculations with a strong bias to belief. To give them the dubious character of "harmless at least" would rightly offend every religious mind, and, indeed, all truly philosophical minds, whether religious or otherwise; for speculations even of the most distant sort profit every mind to which they are admitted. But as a contribution to the study of dreams such speculations are untoward. For though dreams are as much evidence of mind as anything else that can be named, and though it may be safely said that no process or transaction of mind has engaged so much attention for so many centuries, profitable study of them is at its beginnings. Here and there a good deal has been written about them, no doubt; but nearly always in a straitened, timid spirit. It is a shy subject. "Dreams" has become the most expressive synonym of vain and unsubstantial things; and when we say "dreamer" we conjure up ideas of time squandered and intellect smouldering out in vapour. To treat of dreams seriously is to hazard the suspicion of being a dreamer oneself—weak, unscientific, superstitious; and hence it is, probably, that even when men who are sufficiently impressed with the subject deal with the phenomena of dreams, they seem nervously anxious to preclude the supposition that they are capable of finding in them anything which the commonest facts will not explain. When, therefore, Dr. Radcliffe pushes speculation at a single effort so far as to seek in dreams an evidence that this is "a world of spirit" where the dead and living may exist together, he is more likely to confirm than to weaken the general belief that the study of dreams is no better than dreaming. Whether such speculations as Dr. Radcliffe's are reasonable or otherwise, the student who wishes to show that Dreamland is a country where mind may be investigated as profitably as anywhere else should not begin with them. It is a mistake to be avoided at a time when there is a school of research into the so-called supernatural which allows itself an extreme licence of conjecture, while, on the other hand, a perfectly philosophical spirit of agnosticism in a few has cast the general ignorance into swaggering forms of incredulity for everything but the omnipotence of physical science.

The study we are considering is included in the fact that if credulity stifles the mind, scepticism is a kind of cramp; and is even felt as such by many who boast of it as a high sort of freedom. It

would certainly seem that an age of credulity must needs be an inferior one, or such ages, of which there have been many, would not be despised so much by historians. And that we are all in fundamental agreement with the historians is proved at once when we ask ourselves whether we should have preferred to live in a credulous age. None of us would have preferred to live in a credulous age; and yet it is well for us that there have been such times. But for them we should have been so very different, and so very much the worse, that one might almost question whether it is true that nothing good can come out of error. For of course a vast deal of the credulity of the credulous ages was sheer error. All that went to the belief in fairies, wood-sprites, water-nymphs, spirits of the air, was sheer error. Yet we of to-day should be sadly impoverished without it, not only in the lingering pleasure it gives to us in youth, nor in the exercise of fancy it affords us then, nor in the literary value of fairy lore to thousands of scholars. It is certain that there would be much less to say for mind as it is but for the fanciful credulous error that sprang in it from times beyond knowledge. Poesy and art, and the poet's and the artist's faculties, have been nourished to an immeasurable extent from the same source. It was not in an age of scepticism that Saracenic art took root, nor that much-better-than-nothing in religion and morality, the Mahommedan creed. In Christendom itself, when did art flourish most spontaneously? In those ages of faith which are also described as ages of credulity. The credulities of alchemy were not fruitless. The tremendous adventure of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was not carried out by men of a sceptical turn. An age of credulity might be described as an age of open-mindedness to the reception of the strange and unproved; and since that means the action and reaction of the unknown on imagination, of imagination on he unknown, it is as likely to enlighten ignorance in due course as the sceptical mood.

It will be understood that to praise credulity is not my meaning; but only to remind some who seem to need the reminder that even from the point of view of the practical man there is such a thing as a wholesome credulity as well as a wholesome scepticism. Either may operate (and this is what we are driving at) to damp inquiry in the highest fields of human interest. If the one may be carried to excess, so may the other; and a very good argument could be made out to show that excessive scepticism in the domain of speculation is more untoward than excessive credulity. Readiness to believe, willingness to run

forward to the unbelievable, greatness in the use of mind is due to them very largely. And this may be said: that while there is no such thing as a pride of credulity, there is a pride of scepticism which is not only offensive to every intellectual sympathy, but has the disastrous effect of furnishing common minds with an oppressive intellectual conceit. Amongst minds that are not the commonest, minds blessed with some cleverness, though cursed with disproportionate self-consciousness and activity, it is capable of spreading with epidemic force; and then we have a body of sentiment or so-called opinion which sits in mocking repression on much that is more worthy than itself.

Dr. Radcliffe would probably have called this the true Satanic spirit; and if he had chosen to descend from his high religious speculations to more worldly concerns, he might have shown that its influence on them is questionably godlike. The silence it imposes, the repression it exacts, the cowardice it inspires, are in themselves bad for the character of the time it reigns in. The courage which a man must call up before he raises from the phenomena of dreams such theories and persuasions as we have quoted above almost amounts to foolhardiness. But a much lower degree of courage cannot always be commanded for the discussion of such a subject as dreams; or so we must infer from the ashamed and timid treatment of all that is most remarkable about them by serious men. Those who do venture on the subject usually choose to put behind them all that is really worth considering in the matter. To discuss it is to raise a suspicion of superstitious tendencies.

On this account the explanation most welcome to the spirit of the age is that which is all but invariably presented. This explanation is that dreaming is entirely due to a morbid condition of organic function. Perhaps it is because this account of it comforts Stupidity in its narrow house, and because it flatters the pride of scepticism and gives it larger warrant, that it affords so much amused satisfaction. Yet it is not easy to understand why morbidity of animal function should be to any son of Adam the most pleasurable explanation of dreams, or why there should be an uneasy sort of aversion from the likelihood that they offer mysteries for unravelment which, when rightly evolved, might show to us how great are the potentialities of mind. Nobody can doubt, however, that there is a great deal of private reserve in the acceptance of the functional morbidity account of dreams; and I can but think that some who preach it have their dubieties, and would acknowledge them but for the fear of seeming to import superstition into science. Certain it is, at

any rate, that the indigestion or morbidity theory is in the first place inadequate; that in the next place it is rarely presented without the omission of much that should be admitted as fact, and that limitations are set to the theory itself the removal of which gives to it a different character.

To illustrate these remarks we may quote the verdict of another doctor, much more widely known than Dr. Radcliffe. Only a few weeks ago Dr. Benjamin Richardson published a lecture on dreams, this being his main conclusion: "Dreams are all explainable on physical grounds; there is no mystery about them save that which springs from blindness to natural facts and laws." The natural facts and laws which, when understood, deprive dreams of mystery are set forth in Dr. Richardson's lecture; and when we have come to the end of them we find that all that has been called mysterious in the phenomena of dreams remains untouched. Like other expositors of those phenomena as "a purely physical phase of life," he writes as if the whole study of dreams was bounded by such knowledge as may be gained in the dissecting-room. Having explained how dreams *begin*, he tells us that dreams are all explained; which is as if he undertook to dispel the mysteries of prophecy by a description of the vocal organs and the physiological processes by which they operate. "The seat of dreaming is in the locked-up closet of mental impressions, the brain and the spinal column, commonly called the cerebro-spinal centre." But "we have two nervous systems, one our own, by which we will and do, the other Nature's, which goes on with our vital work whether we will or no." This second nervous system "is centred within the trunk of the body, not in the closed box of the skull and spinal column, but in the line of the great viscera, to which its nerves are distributed and in which it communicates with the nerves of the cerebral system, which are our own," or under our governance. More particularly, the "involuntary nerves" in the larynx, œsophagus, heart, stomach, convey intelligence to the brain of any local disturbance. This being understood, we should see at once that there is nothing mysterious about dreams. For it is evident that they ensue upon certain perturbations in the brain, sometimes produced by vibrations started from the outside of the body, at other times proceeding from within—that is to say, from that second nerve-system which runs in the line of the great viscera, and is specially active in the organs of digestion. This being the case, it is necessary to teach that dreams may be "nothing more than the common vibrations of terrestrial media acting upon a cor-

poreal vibratorium." Now they are started by the firing of a gun, the ringing of a bell, a breath of cold air upon a naked foot, or some other disturbance from without, when we have dreams of one kind ; and now "perturbations in the richly-nerved digestive organs" send "vibrating and startling messages from within to the mental centres," and then we have another sort of dream. And that is all.

But for the study of dreams it is necessary to go very much farther. The very terms of this argument inform us that where it leaves off the dream it affects to explain is about to begin. Vibrations of terrestrial media, whether they proceed from a cry in the street or from an uneasy stomach, are not dreams. We may grant that they are vibrations, and that the origin of every dream is vibration in the corporeal system, but the dream itself is—what? The answer is that when we have excluded all possible illusions as to spiritual presence, spiritual communication, and everything else that imports concession to superstitious belief, dreams are operations of the mind. Whatever mystery they may offer for inquiry is presented by mind in operation, not by the physiological machinery that sets mind at work. Nor can it be pretended that the physiological machinery to which Dr. Richardson points is applied to the production of dreams alone: it is the common machinery of mind, and operates to the production or incitement of what we call thought as much as what we call dreaming. For the one and for the other there is no difference in the starting machinery and no several ways of starting. For example: we all agree that when the vibratory sounds of a bell pierce through the mufflings of sleep, and act on the corporeal vibratorium in our skulls, but yet do not wake us, the mind begins to dream. But what happens when the noise is loud enough to wake us quite? Why, then, as a consequence of vibratory action on the corporeal vibratorium, we begin to think. The thought may be so trivial that it does not abide with us in any sense or to any purpose, even for a moment; and the dream may be so unimpressive that it passes just as quickly away: but they are both operations of the mind and were started by the same agencies. Again, as to the other kind of vibratory action: do the nerves of a perturbed stomach never transmit messages of woe to the casket of our minds when we are awake? And if the dreams of dyspeptics are melancholic, and burdened with a vague, mysterious feeling of doubt, regret, despair (as Dr. Richardson says they are), do they differ much from the dyspeptic's waking thoughts? They do not, to every doctor's knowledge.

Surely these facts should teach anyone who undertakes to dispel the mystery of dreams that it will not do to stop at their starting-point. The lesson appears all the more inevadeable because even Dr. Richardson must know that when, after going through his physiological exposition, he says, "I have shown you that there is no mystery in dreams," he also says in effect, "If there was any mystery in the constitution and operation of the human mind, I have now exploded it. When you are acquainted with the fact that the brain is a vibratorium, and that as long as certain terrestrial media act upon it you think, you reason, you bring your imagination into play, and you find yourself in possession of something called 'will,' and something else called 'judgment,' speculative mystery ends: you are fully informed about all these qualities. If they ever seemed to you mysterious enough to excite wonder and to deserve investigation, you now understand that there is no mystery about them at all."

So exemplified, the fallacy embedded in purely physiological explanations of dreams appears prodigious; but it is no less great than it seems. And how it can be missed by a trained inquirer like Dr. Richardson I do not understand at present. Every physiologist who, to the best of his knowledge, marks out the seat of mind, and traces the various communications of the senses with this cerebro-spinal centre, is conscious all the while that when he has completed his exposition he will have thrown no light on the mental faculties themselves; and dreams being, like thought, the product of some of or all the mental faculties in operation their expositor ought to be as constantly aware that he will leave his business undone if he do not pass from a statement of how and where they originate to an explanation of what they are. That alone is the question. It can be said in twenty words that dreams come into existence through the same system of physical causation that promotes other mental operations: and that being said, we come to the point. Now we begin to ask, What *are* dreams? What faculties of the mind are mostly employed in them, and which (if any) remain dormant? What is the probable cause, and what the observed consequence, of the activity of some faculties and the dormancy of others? Does any mental faculty take a change of character in dreams, assume functions of which we are unconscious when awake, or exhibit powers and properties that only appear in sleep? And (omitting other questions contributory to the investigation) do dreams teach us anything about the constitution of mind and its potentiality as a whole?

It seems to me that these questions cannot be discussed in an adequate way without freedom from two errors, both of which are superstitions, though both are cherished by the fear of superstition. One of them, indeed (we have spoken of it before), is nothing else than the fear of superstition operating to the avoidance of certain dream phenomena as only too likely to lead the inquirer into fields of speculation questionably respectable. The other is the common association of dreams with morbidity, from which springs an almost equally common feeling that it must be a morbid mind (more or less) which is willing to exalt so morbid a subject. These are great drawbacks to full and rational investigation. As to the first, no more need be said at present. As to the second, I think we might probably ask ourselves two questions: firstly, whether the explanation of dreams as arising from a morbid condition of organic function is not carried unreasonably far; and, secondly, whether the phenomena of dreams may not be information, even though they do proceed from organic functions in a condition of disorder.

It is true, no doubt, that many dreams do arise from a morbid condition of organic function; and it may be further said that all the rest are set in motion by disturbance of one sort or another in the organic seat of mind. But to take the case of distinct morbidity—as I suppose persistent disorder of "the richly-nerved digestive organs" would be called—it is surely very much to the purpose that it does not afflict us in sleep alone with fantasies of fear and anxiety. Bad dreams are no peculiar product of the morbidness. When we are awake dyspepsia whelms our faculties in what is called "the blues," the short word for a state of mind crowded with vague phantasmal fears, in which (as Dr. Richardson says is our case when dreaming indigestion-dreams) we feel as if "some terrible blackness or thunder-cloud overshadowed life." It appears, then, that sleeping or waking, dreaming or thinking, the physical disturbance of dyspepsia, for example, acts upon our minds in precisely the same way, and that there is no reason for insisting on morbid origin in the one case more than in the other. And if so, we may reject the word "morbid" as peculiarly applicable to dreams—a riddance that will sensibly assist the study of them.

And another conducive consequence ensues if the physiological expositor of dreams steps in at this point and says, "But though the mind is similarly affected, sleeping or waking, by perturbation in the digestive organs, there is a vast difference between the resultant action of the mind

in one case and in the other. The gloom of the waking dyspeptic and the wild and monstrous phantasms that people his brain in sleep are not the same things." The reply is that they are not. But they are obviously akin, and their likeness and unlikeness, viewed together, forcibly present the question which no mere physiological demonstration seems able to touch: the question, namely, whether dreams do not reveal our mental faculties as capable of far greater freedom, activity, and expansion than we are conscious of in the waking state, and whether they may not therefore enlarge our comprehension of the potentialities of mind.

For it appears that whereas the mental faculties of the dyspeptic in his waking state labour with vague and formless miseries, fears that take no shape, horrors in nebulosity, in sleep they respond to the disturbing cause with far more activity and intelligence; weaving dramas out of the vague, and painting "the terrible blackness and the thunder cloud" with picture-parable. And so it is if we turn to another sort of disturbance and another kind of dreams. Hunger (I do not mean starvation, which imports mental disorder waking or sleeping) fills the waking mind with rambling thoughts of things good to eat; and, being thirsty, visions of good drinking pass in mental view as we trudge the moor at evening to some distant inn. And that is all the healthy mind is capable of under the circumstances. But with no greater provocation from a craving digestive apparatus, the same mind delivers itself in sleep of banqueting scenes, far more dramatic, far more pointed with particulars, and infinitely more impressive to vision, than it ever invented in the waking day. That is the mark for observation and inquiry; and should the hunger-and-thirst dream be attended by extravagance—which is not always the case—that is only another thing to look to. For there is no reason to suspect a more *essential* morbidity in these extravagances than in the roving fancies of the famishing man awake. They are the same in character precisely. The only difference is a difference of intensity—of dramatic invention and force. There is some extravagance in the daylight fancies if the hungry man has a fanciful mind; and if he has not he doesn't dream extravagances: a point of great importance in the whole discussion. Many laugh at the significance of dreams whose intellects are incapable of frisking at any time without dropping into the ridiculous. Others do not dream at all because they have nothing to dream with. But leaving that as a cud-pellet for rumination, what I was about to say is that the fancies of the hungry man awake are *not* without some extravagance; and if there is more of that quality in them

when he dreams, the excess is not necessarily, nor even probably, due to the invasion of morbid conditions. It speaks of imagination in enlargement, and of a wild power in imagination which the waking faculties in co-ordination may wholesomely subdue, but yet cannot excite, and, indeed, would be ignorant of but for its revelation in dreams.

It appears, then, that though physiological inquirers give great importance to morbid conditions of organic function as explanatory of dreams, they either exaggerate or are quite mistaken. The truth seems to be that physical pain and disturbance provoke the mind to much the same motions (according to the character of the pain and disturbance) by day and night; that there is no more morbidity of action in the one case than in the other; that in dreams these motions pass into a vigour of dramatic invention and a vividness of presentation which the waking mind is unequal to; and, lastly, that what extravagance there is in dreams of this variety may be regarded as only corresponding to the immensely superior freedom and activity of imagination in sleep.

But all disturbance of organic function is not morbid, and all dreams are not induced by physical distress. Some disturbance of organic function necessarily precedes the most natural waking from the most healthy sleep; that is to say, precedes the resumption of conscious thought, with its orderly development of idea, memory, imagination. Certain agitations occur in the cerebro-spinal centre, and we tranquilly pass from a condition of complete mental rest into a state of full mental activity. The internal physical movements that wake us to think are perfectly healthy, and there is no reason to doubt that motions similarly suave and natural wake us to dream. Agency and process are the same; the only difference being, probably, that whereas the process is completed in the one case it is incomplete in the other. And if so, there is no reason why the play of mental faculty in dreams should be more unworthy of serious observation than the play and the product of faculty in well-directed thought. What is more to the purpose, the evidence yielded by dreams as to the constitution of mind, its various powers and their interaction or independence, is almost if not quite as valid as that which psychology draws from the insight of the poet and the reasoning of philosophers. There is no special disqualification here on the ground of morbidity of organic function.

But even were it otherwise the operation of mind in dreams must needs be no despicable study. If madness is brought under observation by the psychologist, as I suppose it is (being no psychologist myself),

dreams should be equally studied, whatever their origin; since what they certainly seem to do is to decomplicate the mental qualities and present them in more independent action. It is a kind of "dissecting out"; and one of the psychologist's greatest difficulties is doing that for himself. Imagination more particularly is seen at work in a condition of freedom and domination unknown to us when awake, and in that condition to transcend all its capabilities when working in harness with the other faculties. What if its performances are extravagant? It is extravagance of power, evidence of potentiality; and this it is even when the extravagance is unmeaning. Power is power in or out of harness, disciplined or undisciplined. But the extravagance of imagination in dreams is not always unmeaning. Sometimes, as I showed in a recent article on the subject by examples that could be multiplied by the score,* it brings meanings into common minds that only the highest genius can compass, conveying them with a force and impressiveness that genius rarely equals; and it seems to me that to reject these works of the imagination as spurious because of their apparent excess is not quite philosophical. Nor is their infrequency rightly interpreted, perhaps. Such dreams are commonly explained as an accidental hit in a thousand misses; but we do not call the rare inspirations of two or three out of ten thousand thinkers "accidental," and, so saying, take no account of them as efforts of mind; though I do not see why it would not be just as reasonable to do so. Millions of human beings spend millions of hours every day in thinking and fancying, and the most of it is rambling nonsense or its equivalent; but though this is a sufficiently well-known fact we do not say of any original idea that comes up from the general mass, "Mere fortuity—there's nothing in it." And further as to that, the finest outcome of the waking mind, everything that is treated as a pure inspiration of genius, appears accidental to the poet or the philosopher who delivers it. It is extremely likely that his mind was in a state of high excitement at the time—"fine frenzy," as a competent authority called it; and if so, it further resembled the dream state in the grand particular that the more sober faculties that do appear to control imagination were in abeyance. And then came the inspired thought, like flashing a word from without, and not at all like labour-product within. That, again, is a resemblance to dreaming; in which we seem to stand outside our own conceptions, viewing them in our own

* *Contemporary Review* for August, 1892.

minds, where they are worked out in dramatic form before our eyes in a flash.

I humbly recommend the student of dreams to note the likeness and the difference. But for that one difference, the likeness would be complete. The poet's inspiration comes as if delivered by a word from without, and the philosopher's too, though in either case a mental picture follows in the thousandth part of a moment if the thought has to do with concrete things. The dream revelation is almost invariably cast in dramatic form. There is a scene or scenes in which it is acted out. But the drama, which would take hours and hours to present on any stage but this of the human mind, also begins and ends in a flash. With all its speeches, and events, and changes of scene, it takes no longer in transaction than the poet's whispered word. On any theory of dreams, this is a wonder no less worthy of serious inquiry than such matters as the atmosphere of Mars; on the theory that dreams are produced by imagination working without the guidance of the reasoning powers, it is a wonder that may be particularly informing as to imagination itself. For it seems that that first of faculties, freed from control in sleep, finds its own way to do as much as the mind can do in its harmonious entirety; and does it with such a prodigiously rapid use of splendid but apparently tedious means that the mind in its harmonious entirety cannot even understand how it is done.

In most fields of investigation the discovery of a power like this would suggest that other amazing displays of power may not be quite illusory; and I do not know why philosophy should reject the suggestion here. And supposing the above-named theory true, the wonder must be carried further; for dreams like that in which Condorcet solved a mathematical problem that baffled him awake have to be considered, and there have been many such. Now, it is a common experience and a general belief that (as the aforesaid theory implies) the faculties most necessary for the work of solving difficult mathematical problems are those that are least active in sleep, or even dormant. If so, it would seem that Condorcet's free imagination solved in a flash the problem that was too much for the whole laborious combination of wakeful faculties best fitted for the task. If that is what happened, the inference is that imagination, when freed from restraint in sleep, is capable of more than the power of filling the mind in an instant with stories of word and deed that could not find admittance in a thousand moments when the mind is awake and apparently most open to impression. It further appears that

in dreams imagination can assume the functions of other and very different faculties, and do in a moment what they, whose proper business it was, failed to accomplish by hours of labour. Is not that worth thinking of in a serious speculative way? But it may be that this theory is not of universal application; and that there are dreams—Condorcet's being one of them—in which the mental faculties are employed just as they are when awake. If so, their working in sleep is as much to be regarded as their working at other times; and however strange the product may be, it demands attention as much as a great deal else of admitted and acknowledged wonder in the field of our mysterious cerebro-spinal centres.

In dwelling on the phenomena of sleep it is also desirable to remember the scope which at one time and another we allow to the faculty of imagination. Sometimes the name for it is used with restricted meanings, as if it resembled the play of some internal light in the workshop of the brain. Sometimes it is a synonym for mere nonsense, or for a will-o'-wisp emanation from unreclaimed marshes in the psychological interior. But at other times it stands for a gift which the most scientific intellects, and such as are most jealous of superstition in every shape, are content to call divination. Imagination may, in fact, be all these things; and while the dream-student should, of course, begin with a readiness to admit that the lowest of them is capable of accounting for the mental phenomena of sleep, he should equally include the higher as possibly explaining them. Nor should he feel himself precluded from explaining some dreams by the lower and others by the higher manifestations of the same faculty. Conversely, the fact that there are very different kinds or growths of imagination, ranging from vaporous nonsense to what we are constrained to call divination, should prepare him to believe that there are equally different kinds of dreams. What we mean by imagination in its lower manifestations is always pretty clear to our mind; but our conceptions of the higher faculty are less often defined. If we ask ourselves why, we find the answer is that there is no space below our knowledge of rudimentary imagination for inquiry to work in; while we are conscious that the higher faculty may ascend to spaces infinitely beyond sight. This also is a thing for the student of dreams to bear in mind: while he does so he will not be unduly fearful of admitting the possibility that the divinations of imagination in sleep may transcend its powers when yoked with other faculties awake. What we know it to be at its utmost should at any rate never be lost sight of

in an inquiry like this, from which intimations beyond the power of reason to afford or the waking fancy to supply cannot be excluded. Of all the attributes of mind, imagination has done most for it. If mind had been destitute of imagination, the several thing called Reason would have crawled like a snail from its beginnings to this hour—at snail-rate of progress and with snail-range of discovery. Judgment would have been a starved growth and universally incompetent, as, indeed, we see it is now amongst highly reasoning people who have little imagination. The eyes of the mind, poor mole! would have been nearly sightless, and the ears all but deaf. The world without would have been little more to it than so much substantiality, touching no sense of beauty, and leaving the brain unpopulated by the throng of sensations that puts life at its highest, inspires all its noblest efforts, and (in a flash very often, and without labour at all) accomplishes its highest achievements. The poet's divinations—which are not merely pleasures to responsive imagination in folk less endowed, but stepping-stones to the comprehension of the loftiest things—are bestowed by this faculty. And when a man like Newton himself has brought together his observations, calculations, comparisons, and the like, they often lie like the fruits on Abel's altar till a flash of inspiration (imagination) fires them into a blaze of discovered truth.

This is not much to say out of all that could be said, but it is enough, perhaps, to enforce the suggestion that no conception of the sweep and power of imagination is too wide to be brought to the study of dreaming; and though the fear of superstition seems to import into some philosophers a positive delight in ascribing dreams to the merest and most ridiculous disorder, it seems to me more reasonable and respectable to hope for a different explanation of them. The inquiry is simply into the operation of our mental gifts—which are no illusions—under differing conditions of activity; whether, when we dream, they still work in association sometimes, or never do so; whether some, and which, remain dormant, while others are alert and observant; whether the dormancy of some affects those that start into activity, and how it affects them; whether the strength, the capability of those that are most active is enhanced by liberation from counter-weighing qualities, and if they are always disordered as well as strengthened; whether, since there are undoubtedly dreams (such as I recently wrote about) wherein nearly all the known qualities of mind take part, while yet the dreams are as first-night plays or first-read tales to him in whose sleep they occur—whether, I say, such phenomena point

to duality of mind;—these are the questions to be pondered. And if one clear inference should be that the sublime faculty of imagination has potentialities beyond any yet assigned to it, we ought to be rather pleased than not, I think. Its far greater force, intensity, and creativeness in sleep are beyond doubt. If this speaks of large reserves of power of the kind that we are indebted to for whatever insight we possess, we should rejoice; and if it seems capable of extending insight far beyond its present range—and I for one say that it is—it would be absurd to close our eyes to the prospect in fear of falling into superstition. At divers times and places the supernatural has turned out to be the natural unascertained; and nobody can say that a great development of any mental gift, and especially of imaginative power, is beyond the laws of nature.

But it is needless to bring up considerations of this kind. Here is a subject of study no less important than the human mind—our very selves, our own limitations and possibilities. The phase of the subject which these pages deal with yields unsought mysteries of a kind totally inexplicable at present; as in the case of the proleptic dreams exemplified in a previous article—dreams that have all the incident, meaning, and design of parable, or play, or story, while yet the author of them (the dreamer) is ignorant of each incident till it arises, and only understands the design of the whole when his own reasoned and well-articulated work comes to an end. These, however, are but examples of dreams that are not to be explained by a supper of sucking-pig, and that do speak of strange and unguessed mysteries in the mechanism of mind, and sometimes of wonders in its products that it is unequal to in the waking state. Putting Dr. Radcliffe behind him for the present at least, and Dr. Richardson for good and all, these are the phenomena which the student of dreams should apply himself to; getting clear of the pride of scepticism, the dread of being thought superstitious, the morbidity fallacy, and also a sufficient amount of the common indisposition to accept as trustworthy any man's account of his dreamings, no matter how unimpeachable his word may be where proof is equally unattainable, or however strange and impressive our own experiences.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

ALIEN IMMIGRATION.

ENGLAND owes something to the cholera epidemic of 1892. It has, happily, not spread to the United Kingdom. Expectation of it has, however, increased the activity from a sanitary point of view of the Local Government Board and local authorities throughout the country. The result cannot be otherwise than advantageous to the general health of the community. But the threatened invasion has done even more than this. It has opened the eyes of the nation to the dangers attending the wholesale and unrestricted immigration of outcast aliens. Orators may declaim, publicists may write, meetings may denounce, inquiries may be held, Select Committees and Royal Commissions may report, but the British public is rarely moved unless spurred either in person or in pocket. So it has been on many questions in the past, so it will be with many in the future.

"The Pauper Alien" has been a familiar figure for several years. He has edged his way silently, but most effectively, into the overcrowded districts of the East End, and has crept into many of the great towns. So long ago as 1885 and 1886 some candidates for Parliament made effective use of the dangers of the incursion to English workers. One or two improved the shining hour by addressing the free and independent electors of London in their Continental vernacular. In great measure owing to the action of Sir John Colomb, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed in 1888 "To inquire into the laws existing in the United States and elsewhere on the subject of the Immigration of Destitute Aliens, and as to the extent and effect of such immigration into the United Kingdom, and to report whether it is desirable to impose any, and if so, what, restrictions on such immigration."

Sir William Marriott was elected to the chair, and through two Sessions the Committee took evidence before finally agreeing to their report. It is certain that very few have read the voluminous Blue-Book

(311 of 1889) in which the proceedings were laid before Parliament. It is improbable that many will have so much as glanced at the conclusions arrived at. In any case three years have passed and nothing much has been done, although incentives to Ministerial action have not been wanting.

The consequence has been that the outbreak of cholera at Hamburg on August 24th last found the nation with no machinery for restricting the addition to our swarming millions of some 500 or 600 persons every week from that port—mostly in a wretched condition—many driven, without baggage or money, from their miserable homes, and exhausted by long travel, insufficient food, and exposure. Within twenty-four hours three cases of cholera arrived at Gravesend in a vessel bearing poor Jewish immigrants. The Local Government Board was placed in considerable difficulty. The immigration could not be prohibited except by statute, and Parliament was not in Session. On August 27th another vessel arrived from Hamburg, where a thousand fresh cases were being reported day after day, bringing a considerable number of the same class of passengers. There was no declared case of cholera on board, and the Port Authority had no alternative but to pass the vessel. Under these circumstances Dr. Shirley Murphy, the Medical Officer of Health of the London County Council, stationed inspectors at the docks to ascertain the destination in London of the immigrants, so that some little observation might be kept on them. On August 29th the Right Hon. Henry Fowler issued an order from Whitehall to the Port Sanitary Authorities, extending the directions of his predecessor, Mr. Ritchie, and authorising them to forbid the landing, subject to a penalty of £50, of any person from a ship having passengers on board "in a filthy or otherwise unwholesome condition, or having come from a place infected with cholera, unless such passenger satisfy the Medical Officer of Health as to his name, place of destination and address at such place." This was certainly as far as the President of the Local Government Board could go, and the promptitude of his action is deserving of hearty recognition. By the effective measures taken by all concerned, the healthy condition of the country generally, the moderation of the climate, and the mercy of Providence, cholera in an epidemic form was averted. But it is certain that the giving by an unfortunate foreigner of a name—very likely not his own, and exceedingly difficult for an Englishman to transcribe correctly—and the

address, in a language he could not speak, of a common lodging-house he need not go to or remain at for more than five minutes, could not operate as any real check.

Under these circumstances the most ordinary prudence renders it absolutely necessary that Parliament should place without delay in the hands of the Executive not merely the right to ask an immigrant "in a filthy or otherwise unwholesome condition" for a false name or an imaginary address, but also the power, possessed by the Government of the United States and every civilised community under the sun, to refuse such person admittance to the country.

Town Councils, Local Boards, Boards of Guardians, Vestries, and other authorities have by formal resolution declared this to be necessary. Those bodies who have not already made their voices heard on the question will do well to do so. Governments and Parliaments are very deaf except to united sound, and the cholera will be forgotten long before St. Stephen's opens.

But it is not merely a question of sanitary precaution that renders such a step essential. Industrial Defence makes it quite as necessary. This may best be shown by reference to the proceedings of the Select Committee already referred to. It is desirable, however, to bear clearly in mind two facts, the first—that no religious or sectarian question of any kind is involved, as can well be understood when the services of the Jewish community to English trade and commerce, to public objects and to private philanthropy, are considered. The second—that the term "pauper alien" does not necessarily imply that a large proportion of the immigrants become a charge upon the English poor law, for from that they are largely saved by the admirably conducted and richly endowed Jewish charities, but rather that their poverty and destitution, coupled with parsimonious thrift, industry and perseverance, render them serious competitors in the British Labour Market.

It is contended by some that as the proportion of European foreigners to the general population, 201,150 in England and Wales, one half of whom are located in London, is so comparatively small, a very exaggerated importance has been given to the matter. But the Committee said very clearly—

"The effect of foreign immigration upon the condition of our own workmen is not to be measured by the small percentage foreigners bear to the general population, or to the trades they enter as a

whole, but by their distribution in the particular trades of particular localities."

Accurate information the Committee found most difficult to obtain. The census returns were old and far from reliable. Official data were also contradicted from sources possessing more likely channels of intelligence concerning foreigners in this country. Evidence was, however, forthcoming that while the increase in the number of Englishmen employed in tailoring, boot and shoe making, and cabinet making was only four per cent. between 1871 and 1881, the increase in the number of foreigners employed was 33 per cent. A like state of affairs was declared to exist among sempstresses and tailoresses. The increase in the decade in the number of Englishwomen employed was only 14 per cent., while that of foreigners was 48 per cent. The tailoring trade was shown to be greatly affected, for of 160,000 tailors in England and Wales in 1881 six thousand were foreigners, a number vastly increased in the last three or four years, and in London the proportion is naturally much greater than in the provinces. Mr. Jacob Weil, a School Attendance Officer in the Tower Hamlets, stated—

"There are hardly any English in the tailoring trade in my district. There would be about 15,000 people, and at least a thousand tailors—very few English, hardly any. The foreign proportion of the population in my district is from 70 to 75 per cent."

This was corroborated by Mr. Burnett, Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade, who said—

"In the tailoring trade in the East End 80 per cent. are foreigners, or from 18,000 to 20,000, while there are only a few hundred Anglo-Saxon men employed in it"—a state of affairs he described as spreading to Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne and Glasgow, and likely to place the ready-made clothing trade entirely in foreign hands.

In the boot and shoe trade it was stated that about 25 per cent., or 10,000 hands, were foreigners, and about one-sixth among the London cabinet makers.

The increase in the foreign population in England and Wales appears to have outstripped proportionately the native increase of 20 per cent. between 1861 and 1881, and, indeed, to have doubled it, while the Austrians, Hungarians, Russians, and Poles increased 135 per cent. In Whitechapel the increase in the Polish population in those twenty years

amounted to no less than 425 per cent., and the Vicar of All Saints', Stepney, declared—

"The number of foreigners has quadrupled in the past seven years. They displace British labour. The British workman finds himself ousted. He loses his home and cannot pay the rent which the foreigners by their more thrifty habits are prepared to pay."

Although, as has been admitted, a very trifling number of foreigners are themselves in receipt of poor law relief, notwithstanding that as regards it they occupy the same position as a native, and there is nothing in law, as Professor Gonner, of Liverpool, pointed out, "to prohibit a foreign nation exporting its paupers to England to be maintained out of the English poor rates," the Boards of Guardians in Hackney, Shoreditch, and Whitechapel showed clearly "that there was an increase of pauperism directly or indirectly due to foreign immigration and to the crowding out of English labour."

With such facts before them, what conclusion did the Committee come to? They declared—

(*a*) That the better class of immigrants only arrive in transit to other countries, but the poorest and worst class remain here, moving on when they make a little money, and giving place to other poor aliens.

(*b*) That in the trades they chiefly affect, tailoring, shoemaking, and cabinet making, they work for less wages than British workmen and always for longer hours, and that they are dirty and uncleanly in their habits.

Under these circumstances they recommended—

(*a*) The enforcement of the Alien Act of William IV., long fallen into desuetude, requiring the master of a ship to report to the Customs the names of the aliens on board his vessel.

(*b*) That British Consuls be instructed to exercise vigilance in the matter.

Both these recommendations were adopted. A return of the number of aliens arriving from the Continent is now presented every month to Parliament. Under the directions of Lord Salisbury, Her Majesty's Consuls have done all that is possible to warn persons against being drawn to this over-crowded hive by current fables of streets paved with gold, or by more genuine statements as to the alms and assistance readily obtainable by the needy. How little these measures avail is shown by the increasing arrivals.

But having declared "that there is a general agreement that pauper immigration is an evil and should be checked—that so doing would largely decrease, if not altogether destroy, the sweating system—that the only way effectually to accomplish this is by stopping it at the port of arrival"—the course adopted in the United States and in Germany, the Committee, on internal grounds not unassociated with one of its members, the late Mr. Bradlaugh, concluded their report with this statement—

"While your Committee see great difficulties in the way of enforcing laws similar to those of the United States and certain other countries against the importation of pauper and destitute aliens, and while they are not prepared to recommend such legislation at present, they contemplate the possibility of such legislation becoming necessary in the future, in view of the crowded condition of our great towns, the extreme pressure for existence among the poorer part of the population, and the tendency of destitute foreigners to reduce, still lower, the social and material condition of our poor."

The question is if the time contemplated by the Select Committee when such legislation would become necessary has now arrived? The materials leading to an affirmative answer consist in—

(*a*) The information since furnished by the Alien Returns and the Police Reports of the increasing extent of the immigration.

(*b*) The measures adopted in Eastern Europe to bring about an exodus averaging 40,000 a year of the poor Jewish population.

(*c*) The refusal of any other European country, of the United States, and of the self-governing British Colonies to accept these people, save under strict regulations rigorously applied, and the consequent necessity for the poorest, weakest, and most undesirable of the emigrants to seek a shelter within the United Kingdom.

(*d*) The enormous increase in our own urban population, the augmented difficulty of finding employment, and the depression in the producing departments of both the home and the foreign trade.

(*e*) The danger there is of epidemic disease being brought to our crowded centres by these immigrants.

(*f*) The change which has come over public opinion upon the question.

It may be well to examine categorically each of these reasons.

(a) The Alien Returns for last year were the first to throw any authentic light upon the subject. They showed that 136,565 out of 504,000 persons coming into the country from Continental ports were deck passengers emigrating from their homes. Of these 98,423 were stated to be "*en route* for America." It does not follow, however, that, although they stated such to be their intention, they carried it out. Many certainly had tickets only to Liverpool, and then decided whether or not they would continue their journey—fear of the sea, meetings with friends, offered openings in this country detaining not a few. In addition there can be no doubt that the steamship lines subject proposed passengers to a severe examination, and decline to ship any who would be likely to be thrown on their hands by the American authorities for gratuitous reconveyance back to England under the Acts to be presently referred to. This has been strikingly exemplified during the past two months. The Attorney-General of the United States informed the President that he had full power to prevent the landing of all immigrants from infected ports. A decree was promulgated at Washington on September 1st. Atlantic liners were notified under its provisions that unless they ceased to bring over steerage passengers they would not be allowed to enter an American harbour. The conveyance of emigrants was, therefore, wholly suspended, and many returned at the ports of Hull, Grimsby, Leith, and elsewhere as "*en route* to America" were for the time stranded on the Liverpool quays. The number entered for sojourn in this country last year was 38,142. Mr. Giffen avers that 9,797 of these were foreign seamen—seeking and obtaining berths on British ships—to the necessary exclusion of English sailors. Of the 28,270 entering for settlement 12,000 were, it appears, Russians and Poles, 4,600 Scandinavians, and 5,800 Germans.

The Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis reported on March 11th, 1892—

"The numbers arriving in London showed a marked increase during the past year. About 3,950 passengers were landed at Tilbury Docks by one line of steamers from Hamburg in 1891, and of these nearly or quite 80 per cent. are reported to be destitute Jews."

The Chief Constable of Leeds gives the Jewish population of the borough at 11,000, and that there was an actual increase of about 440 Russian and Polish Jews during 1891.

The Chief Constable of Hull reports the relief of 605 destitute aliens last year, and that "581 received assistance to go to other large towns."

In January and February of this year the immigration for sojourn showed an increase. This, however, has not been maintained, largely owing, no doubt, to the action taken by Her Majesty's Consuls in warning persons against coming to this country, the cholera regulations, and the agitation on the subject. But the figure of 26,774 immigrants up to the end of September, added to those cut off from America, is serious enough. It is only right to add that it is claimed that "many of the aliens arriving from Continental ports return to the Continent." There is, however, no evidence of this, and it is very certain that comparatively few of those driven to emigration by political or religious persecution, by dread of forced military service for themselves and their sons, by misdeeds of any sort, ever dream of returning. Indeed, they know that, independently of the difficulty of obtaining a passport, to do so would subject them to various penal consequences.

(*b*) The measures of Jewish expulsion recently adopted in Russia are too well known, and have excited too deeply the generous sympathy of their co-religionists in this country, to require any detailed reference. But much as our pity may be stirred, it behoves us to remember, as Mr. Arnold White has often pointed out, that the first consideration should be for the welfare of our own people, and that charity begins at home. Some remarkable articles have recently appeared in the *Times* from the pen of Mr. Hall Caine, under the title of "The Shadow of the Great Death."

The following extract graphically describes the passage of these Russian Jews to England and the West:—

"Just before reaching the frontier of Russia, at the beginning of our journey east, we had stopped at stations that were thronged with Jews waiting for trains to carry them west. It is a wretched thing to remember with what suspicion the poor pale-faced people were regarded. 'Jews!' was the cry. 'Russian Jews! Now, that should be stopped. These dirty creatures will carry the infection all over Europe.' And here let me say something with the authority of direct personal knowledge as well for the comfort of my own countrymen as for the right treatment of the suspected exiles. During the past ten weeks I have seen some thousands of Jewish emigrants, and through my companion, Mr. Margulies, I have spoken with hundreds of them. I have encountered them in Russia, on the frontier, in Austria, in Germany, and at the ship's side in Hamburg. Their course has been known to me in all its stages, and with their

history and condition I have made myself familiar. Many have been expelled Jews, more have been voluntary exiles, and some have been cadgers and tramps and vagabonds in both senses. Now, these Jewish wanderers out of Russia, who are charged with the awful responsibility of unwittingly bringing the cholera to Hamburg and to England, may be divided into two classes—the large class which comes by help of the Russo-Jewish committees at Berlin, at London, at Hamburg, and at Vienna, and the small class that comes by means of their own or by the private assistance of benevolent persons. The proportions of these classes are, I should judge, as fifty is to one. From the larger class of emigrants Western Europe suffers no real danger whatever. The time occupied in their journey from the Russian frontier to the port of shipment leaves the risk of infection small. I can have no diffidence in making this statement, little as is known of the periods at which the cholera incubates. A Russian Jew expelled, say, from Kief, comes to Hamburg by at least five stages, with a break at every stage.

"The Jewish committees everywhere, but especially at Hamburg, seemed to me to be profoundly and even painfully conscious of their responsibility to the inhabitants of their town in dealing with aliens from an infected land. They were taking not only reasonable but almost unreasonable precautions, such as appeared to curtail even the personal liberty of the people. The many delays in the despatch of the emigrants from the Russian frontier to the havens where they would be are not meant as precautionary measures against infection by cholera; but, nevertheless, they operate as safeguards for all Western Europe. Let us have no fear of the Russian Jews who come to us through the committees of the Continent. They have been clothed afresh, their belongings have been disinfected, they have been twice or thrice examined by doctors, and many weeks must have passed since they left their homes. To keep them back would be an injustice.

"But our case with the smaller class of independent emigrants is very different. Some of them come from heaven alone knows where. Most of them have had no passports, and therefore they have stolen or been smuggled across the frontier. Thus they have gone through no examination, whether of their bodies or belongings. Robbed by rascally agents of their own race, and blackmailed by blackguardly officials, their exodus from their own land is often a story of suffering so awful, of misery so extreme, of human degradation so abject, that the baldest recital of its facts as I know them would fill all England with horror. Many of them reach Hamburg penniless, but they do not apply to the committee, because the committee sends few or none to England, and they are physically unfit for the Argentine. Somehow they get five shillings a head from benevolent persons, and for that sum they are taken by steamship to London, or Harwich, or Grimsby, or Hull. On the vessel they are fed chiefly on salt herrings and potatoes, and often sworn at as if they were dogs. They sit and lie on the lower deck in groups, reading the Bible in good weather, and looking cheerless and sick and weak. When the Custom officers come aboard their poor little bags, sometimes containing six volumes of the Talmud to one unclean shirt, a piece of string, and a glazier's knife apiece, are kicked about like balls. The sailors

tell you that they are dirtier than the dirtiest Irish of thirty years ago, and that their quarters are as foul as pens. They land here in this condition, without a word of the language of the country, without a penny in their pockets, without a roof to shelter them, and generally without a friend to meet them. These are the hapless Russian Jews from whom we live in peril."

(*c*) The closing to these emigrants of the frontiers of Germany, Austria, France, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, the distance to the United States, Canada, and Australasia, and the legislation directed against the admission to those vast, thinly-peopled, and fertile lands of all but the most desirable, naturally drive, as the Select Committee declared, "the poorest and worst class here." The administrative power also possessed by foreign States of summary deportation by police conduct to the frontier also favours us with other intruders, as in April and May last, when the dynamite outrages in France compelled the Republican Government to take energetic measures of this nature.

(*d*) It is not necessary to dwell in much detail upon the condition of our own population. It is too well known for that. But it is clear that with over 850,000 persons receiving relief under the Poor Law, at an annual cost to the ratepayers of £10,500,000; with factories closed and being moved to America and the Continent; with nearly 17,000 skilled artisans out of a handful of twenty-two trades unions out of work; with heaven knows how many thousands of unskilled labourers tramping the streets and highways and filling the casual wards; with agriculture so depressed that farms can be had almost rent free in many counties, and arable labour fast passing away, while from 200,000 to 250,000 of our own countrymen are driven every twelve months to seek new homes over the sea, and 150,000 of them under an alien flag refusing our commodities, there can be little sense in admitting several hundred foreigners every week to swell the life and death competition in the labour market and spread the fast growing social dissatisfaction.

On this subject some recent observations at Toynbee Hall by Mr. Barnett are deserving of earnest consideration. He said:—

"There are bad times coming. I have never been an alarmist. I have often deprecated agitation about distress in East London, and I think 'Wolf!' has been often cried when there has been no danger. Bad times are now, I believe, at hand, and I offer you some of the reasons for my belief:—

"1. The better organisation of labour is throwing out from our ranks the weak, the unfit, and the old. Employers forced to pay good wages are forced also to insist on good work. The general and ultimate effect will be beneficial,

but one immediate effect is to drive an increasing number of the half-worn out, the weak, and shiftless to join in the hopeless scramble for odd jobs, for odd gifts.

"2. The widely spreading depression of trade is at last touching London labour, and already a large number of the less active and less skilled have been driven to live on their savings or on the resources of their more successful mates. There are, for the first time in my experience of East London, genuine unemployed.

"3. The opening of shelters and the bold advertisement of charity have caused an unusual number of the shiftless, ragged, and vagrant class to congregate in our neighbourhood. The means of relief offered do not meet their needs. Their misery, their hungry bodies, and their hunted looks as they are seen on door-steps or street corners, stir up sympathy and indignation which is not always reasonable.

"Such are the reasons for my belief that bad times are at hand. I look out with some anxiety on the coming winter. 'It will be bad,' said an old and experienced neighbour, 'but the winter after will be worse.'"

Alderman Ben Tillett has in a recent interview with the *Daily Graphic* confirmed this melancholy prospect. As secretary of the Dock Labourers' Union he speaks of men climbing over each other's backs for the chance of a job, and anticipates that 50,000 will be soon out of employ.

(*e*) The danger of epidemic disease being introduced by immigrants in "a filthy and unwholesome condition" has been shown to be very real, and is, besides, self-evident.

(*f*) The change which has come over public opinion on the question is remarkable. A valuable treatise by Mr. W. H. Wilkins, entitled *The Alien Invasion* (Methuen), gives a list of forty-three labour organisations which have condemned unrestricted alien immigration. Sir John Blundell Maple has received copies of resolutions to like effect from six Town Councils, fourteen Metropolitan Boards of Guardians, sixteen Local Boards and Vestries, and from numerous political clubs, as many Liberal as Conservative and Unionist. The Blackburn and District Trades Council have passed a resolution in which they draw attention "to the misery in many large towns caused by the wholesale immigration of destitute foreigners, and call upon all trade unionists throughout the country to endeavour by united efforts to influence the Government to legislate in the matter." Many kindred bodies have expressed, and are expressing, themselves to like effect. The recent Trades Union Congress at Glasgow, moreover, adopted this motion at the instance of Mr.

Catto, of Aberdeen, despite an effort made to carry the previous question—

"That Congress instruct the Parliamentary Committee to use every legitimate means in its power to have brought in and passed by the House of Commons a Bill to prevent the landing of pauper aliens on our shores."

This will show that the matter is now ripe for action on the part of the Government, and it will be its bounden duty to deal with it forthwith. Despite the efforts of Mr. Lowther, myself, and others, and the friendly attitude to the question of the late Leader of the House of Commons and the Home Secretary, it was found impossible to introduce the proposed legislation on the matter in the past Session. But since the new Parliament has been elected the situation has become much more aggravated, and now admits of no further delay. The Local Government Board has officially declared "that large numbers of aliens in a filthy and otherwise unwholesome condition are brought to this country, and the danger of the introduction of cholera is thereby increased."

What is to be done? That is obviously for the Executive to propose, and for the Legislature to decide. As Mr. Keir Hardie has told the Committee, "strong diseases require strong remedies." The remedies may, no doubt, present difficulties, but they will have to be overcome in much the same way as the democracy of the United States has done. There three Statutes of Congress deal with the question. The Act of 1882 levies a poll tax of fifty cents a head on every immigrant for the Immigration Fund; prohibits the landing of any convict, lunatic, idiot, or person unable to take care of himself or herself without becoming a public charge; and throws upon the owners of the vessel in which they came the expenses attending the return of any passenger not permitted to land.

The Alien Contract Labour Law of 1885 makes it unlawful under a penalty of 1,000dol. for any person or company to prepay the passage or in any way assist the importation of aliens under contract to perform labour made previous to the importation; declares any such contract void, imposes a fine of 500dol. and six months' imprisonment on the master of any vessel knowingly bringing any such labourers to the United States, and compels the owners to take them back.

The Immigration Act of 1891 excludes all idiots, insane persons, paupers, or persons likely to become a public charge; persons suffering from a loathsome or a dangerous contagious disease; who have been convicted of felony or misdemeanour involving moral turpitude; and any person whose ticket or passage is paid for with the money of another, or is

assisted by others to come. It provides for thorough inspection by authorised agents empowered to decide upon the right of aliens to land, and admits of their being returned at any time within a year after their arrival.

There are also various Chinese Immigration Acts which now practically amount to exclusion, and they have been largely followed by Canada and the Australian Colonies.

The Dominion Government is also empowered by statute to prohibit the landing in Canada of any criminal or other vicious class of immigrant, and of any pauper or destitute immigrant, until such sums of money are paid to an immigration agent as may suffice for their temporary support and transport to their place of destination.

In the Colonies of New Zealand, Victoria, and Tasmania, an immigration officer may require the owner or master of any ship, within seven days of her arrival, to enter into a bond for £100, with two sureties, for the maintenance and support for five years of any insane, idiotic, deaf, dumb, blind, or infirm immigrant likely to become a public charge or a charge upon any public or charitable institution.

At Hamburg no person is allowed to land without having an amount equal to thirty shillings in his possession.

In short, in every country, under every form of government, care is taken that neither the health, nor the peace and welfare, nor the labour of the native population are disturbed or subjected to unfair and unfavourable influences by alien immigrants. The United Kingdom has alone taken no precautions during the past half century. The result has been an increasing influx of foreigners. Our fathers were not slow to discover the evils of according such insensate liberty to foreigners. Our brothers of the Anglo-Saxon race, reared under the same traditions of liberty, themselves emblems of human freedom, have done so too. We, therefore, must also awake, and although an alien who earns money in the country and spends it in the country may not be a worse, or even so great, a competitor with national industry as the alien who lives abroad and freely sends the produce of his labour to compete, without the payment of English charges, to the very door of the English factory, he is as yet a more visible evil, and as such he must be subjected to proper regulations in the interests of those of our countrymen whom he pushes aside in the race for life.

C. E. HOWARD VINCENT.

ARE OUR OARSMEN DEGENERATE?

MANY excellent people whose lives were arranged on the comfortable conviction of the Briton's natural and unquestionable supremacy in every branch of athletic sport appear to have received a terrible shock when they read the fatal tidings of the defeat of a London Rowing Club crew in an eight-oared race by a crew of French amateurs on the Seine. Explanations have, of course, been made which have mitigated the pain. It has been pointed out that the English crew had no pretensions to be considered the best we could produce, that the club they represented had been easily defeated by other clubs at Henley, and that the race was therefore merely a friendly match and not an event of international significance in which the rowing repute of all England was involved. One amusing writer even went so far as to say in an article, which ranged discursively over the universe, that the race was unimportant because a two-miles course was too short to afford a proper test. It is to be hoped that Henley winners who have imagined that they have tested themselves by rowing a mile and a quarter will lay this criticism to heart. It will doubtless diminish the pangs of defeat in the hearts of those who fail to carry off the Grand Challenge Cup. And as even the winners of this trophy will be henceforth afflicted with a sense of their incompetence, the streets of Henley may perhaps on the night following the Regatta preserve that holy and unrejoicing calm for which they are distinguished on all the other nights of the year.

And here a chorus of different explainants interrupts me. Were not the English crew very sick in crossing the Channel on the Sunday before the race? Did they not smash their boat? In the race itself did not one of their number disorganise his slide? And are not these causes amply sufficient by themselves to account for defeat? I say yes to every question except the last. The wind and the waves certainly caused our oarsmen many pangs, but they had more than three clear days for their recovery, and on the morning of the race I was assured

by their captain that they were perfectly fit and ready to row for their lives. Their boat was broken on their first spin in French waters, but on the following morning she was perfectly repaired. And as for the slide, I can only say that, though their No. 2 managed to unseat himself twice, his misadventure had no more effect on the result than had a similar mishap on the finish of the last University Boat Race. I go further, and say that there was not one English oarsman who would not have been prepared to stake a small competence on the success of the London crew, containing, as it did, six men who had rowed in a winning Grand Challenge Eight, a crew, moreover, that had trained hard and practised regularly for five weeks, and had on its side all the advantages of racing experience, long tradition, and prestige. We had scarcely seen the Frenchmen row at all, we knew nothing of their strength, their training, or their capabilities. It was easy, therefore, to be deceived; the more so as the two or three French bookmakers who made themselves heard before the start loudly proclaimed the odds on the English crew as being 4 to 1. No: it must be freely admitted that the Frenchmen won this particular race on their merits, that in important points of rowing style they showed themselves clearly superior to the Englishmen, and that for sheer hard work and pure racing "grit" they were as good a crew as any club need wish to be represented by.

Where, then, is the salve for our British self-esteem? How shall our wounds be healed? For there can be no doubt that the great British public has taken this defeat to heart. Steady-going City men, grey lawyers, eager politicians, whom no one could have suspected of a care for athletic fame, have been loud in their lamentations. We have been overwhelmed with prophecies pointing to the decay of British manhood; the smoking-rooms of country houses have resounded with the disappointment of hardy sportsmen who are apt to deduce from their own unquestioned ability to shoot and ride straight a conclusive proof of our superiority in art, commerce, sport, and war to all foreign nations combined. There is, moreover, another point which has sharpened the poignancy of the defeat. Every Englishman believes that nature has fitted him above all others for the care and control of boat and oars. The French, no doubt, can act; the Germans are admirable students, their young men have a certain aptitude for the slashing of faces; Spaniards can torture bulls; Italians have been known to make speeches. But in sport and athletics, in all the pursuits that prove a man to be a man, why, dash it all, you know, how can you expect poor devils who

never eat breakfasts and don't care about cold baths in winter to make a show against the well-washed, beef-fed Briton? Does not each one of the thousands who watch a football match or look on at the practice of the University crews hug himself with a sense of individual muscular power and national satisfaction, though his exertions be confined to shouting approval or helping to massacre an umpire?

Does not 'Arry bear testimony to it whenever he takes Eliza for a row at Kingston or Hampton? With what a happy complacency does he divest himself of his Joseph's coat and display to the admiring gaze of his beloved the embroidered belt on which her fingers have worked the sacred name of Henry in scarlet letters on a ground of green. From a tobacco-pouch similarly adorned he fills his pipe, and setting his silk cap of Cambridge blue firmly upon his head, bares his arms, bends his back, hollows his chest, and proceeds to witch Eliza and the rest of the world with noble oarsmanship. How shall 'Arry bow his proud soul to our latest defeat?

Well, after all, there is balm in Gilead. Amongst the multitude of explanations this one is certainly true. The defeated crew was not our champion crew. The Leander Club, the Oxford University Boat Club, and (perhaps) the Cambridge University Boat Club could have made up crews at the present time that should have been able to bear the national banner triumphantly to success. Of course, University oarsmen are not always superior to their Metropolitan rivals. There have been many years in which their best crews have been inferior to the cracks of the tideway rowing under the colours of the London or the Thames Rowing Clubs. But both this year and last the members of the Oxford University Boat Club (for it was of them that the winning Leander Club crews were composed) have asserted an indisputable supremacy amongst amateur oarsmen. And if we had desired to row a genuine international match we should have had to confide our fortunes either to the Leander Club or to the Oxford University Boat Club. Had we done that, I make bold (and not so very bold) to believe that we should have outpaced the French at Andrésy by at least as great a distance as that by which they defeated the London Rowing Club. But it remains equally true that the French crew rowed on the whole in a good style, and that they made their boat (an admirable specimen of the French builder's art) move through the water at a surprising pace. Far be it from me to grudge them their victory. They worked hard for it and bore it with wonderful modesty. As true sportsmen and gallant gentlemen, they have earned

for themselves the right to a warm welcome from our rowing men, if ever they come, as they propose, to Henley Regatta. And if they do come, I may take this opportunity of assuring our amateurs that it will not do to trifle with them, or to rely upon inferior crews if the Grand Challenge Cup is to be retained in this country.

Is there, then, any lesson that we can learn from this race? Certainly there is none that ought to be new to us. But it may serve usefully to remind us of principles that some of us have often seemed to forget. And the chief of these is the essential importance of style in eight-oared rowing. The sport we love bases its claim to national regard on no narrow foundation. We believe that oarsmanship develops strength and teaches endurance; that it necessitates discipline, sobriety, and self-restraint; and that it is, æsthetically, the highest and best form of graceful exercise (apart, perhaps, from fencing; which, however, affects only one body and not eight in combination) to which a young man can submit himself. From it spring life-long friendships, for during the long and weary course of training, and in the furious stress of closely contested races, men get to know the value of their fellows, to appreciate the courage, the loyalty, the due sense of individual subordination to one joint purpose, and all the other qualities which go to make a successful oarsman and a victorious crew. A well-trained eight rowing in harmony is, I think, the most perfect and beautiful living machine that can be devised. Who that has ever rowed in one can forget the elated sense of combined and balanced power as his body swung with seven others to the stroke, as the eight blades gripped the water, as every muscle of trunk and limbs helped to drive the firm stroke through, and the ship cleft on her way without a moment's pause?

And who that has once seen such a crew can forget his feeling of æsthetic satisfaction as every movement was performed with a perfect unison of strong bodies and flashing blades? But it is useless to suppose that we can maintain this high standard of graceful perfection if we neglect what is known as style. Let me try to explain, without being severely technical, what I mean by style, or, as it is sometimes called, "form." The aim and object of all instruction in rowing must be to make a man not only do the hard work which is necessary to propel a boat through the water, but to exercise the highest amount of power with the greatest amount of ease and comfort to himself; not merely to row on his own account, but in such a way as will weld him as completely as possible into harmony with the rest of the crew Now, to

effect this, we believe that a man should be taught to row with a straight back, and with arms so straightened that the whole weight-power of the trunk may be through them immediately applied to the stroke. His swing forward should be slow, far-reaching, and well-balanced, so that he may have time to recover himself before he begins the next stroke, and so that the boat itself may in its progress enjoy the full benefit of the stroke just finished. His chest should be well opened (so that his heart and lungs may have free play), the whole carriage of his body at the finish of the stroke should be firm, but easy; upright, but not unduly rigid. The elbows must pass close to the sides, the shoulders must be rowed back, the head must be held erect. Every stroke, having been firmly gripped without the hesitation of a fraction of a second when the body has reached the extreme limit of its forward swing, must be forced firmly through with body swing and leg drive until the hands reach the chest, which they should then leave as a billiard ball leaves a cushion, in order to free the body smartly for the forward swing. I often tell my men, when I am coaching them, to hold their heads up and look proud of themselves, and I try to make them row in a manner that will warrant the pride I ask them to assume. It is thus that we strive to harmonise eight individuals into a whole that shall exert power to its highest point, and shall, at the same time, show the combination of firmness with suppleness, of strength with ease, of energy with grace, which makes an eight-oared crew a pleasure to the artistic eye. This is our ideal. It is a high one, I admit, and its attainment is difficult; but if the art of rowing is to maintain its place with us we must strive earnestly to reach it. We have an unvarying experience to support us. The memory of every oarsman will supply him with cases in which strong crews rowing in bad form have been beaten by crews physically weaker, but more harmonious and of a better style. But I cannot remember a case in which a strong crew rowing in good form has suffered defeat unless it met a stronger crew rowing in a style as good or better. I extract from a letter written to me by M. Paul Bluysen, the editor of the *République Française*, and an enthusiastic oarsman, the following passage, which shows that amongst French amateurs the value of style is fully appreciated:—

"Vous avez pris cette défaite avec une bonne humeur qui nous a tous profondément touchés et qui nous encouragera à vous emprunter, par la suite, ce que vous avez de meilleur, c'est à dire, le respect du sport et de celui qui l'exerce, comme nous faisons maintenant, en véritable amateur. Je crois par exemple

que nous ne vous emprunterons *que cela*, et je vous le dis bien franchement. . . . Je dois vous dire que ce qui nous a le plus frappés, nous autres, c'est cette différence (que vous signalez brièvement) entre les positions des corps des rameurs dans les deux bateaux. C'est le point capital. Inutile de discuter sur l'attaque, sur le plus ou moins de rapidité et d'énergie avec laquelle il faut saisir l'eau—notre équipe était peut-être défectueuse en cela—mais quand j' ai vu vos hommes faire leur course d'essai, j'ai remarqué aussitôt que leurs épaules, leur torse, leur tête, allaient à droite et à gauche, et j'ai dit à mon vieil ami Paul Cusin (un des meilleurs avirons français) qu'avant mille mètres le London serait désuni par ce que les rameurs ne pourraient conserver l'ensemble dans des attitudes aussi variées, la fatigue modifiant peu à peu ces attitudes. L'avènement m'a donné raison. Nous tenons énormément ici à cette grâce, à cette souplesse des corps, et quand nous faisons en Haute Seine, au delà de Paris, les promenades de quarante kilomètres qui, le dimanche, sont notre seul entrainement (je parle du Cercle en temps normal), le barreur qui dirige l'équipe passe son temps à rectifier les positions, les épaules, etc. Je pense qu'un rameur experimenté tel que vous reconnaîtra la justesse esthétique et pratique de cette réflexion."

I am sure that every English oarsman of experience will admit the soundness and accuracy of M. Bluysen's observations. At the same time I should wish him and his colleagues to believe that, though some of our crews do occasionally, for one reason or another, fall lamentably short of the desirable standard of perfection, yet, on the whole, we do believe in grace, suppleness, and ease—in short, in "form." But success in rowing after a time often begets over-confidence. Men who often win begin to think that pure power will always pull them through. They neglect their own form and fail to inculcate it on their successor. This is an experience that most of our great rowing clubs have gone through. The unvarying consequence is a period of defeat followed eventually by a reaction to higher and better principles, ending in success. And if it happens that during its period of *dégringolade* a club finds itself matched against a foreign adversary, we are entitled to look for a severe shock to our national repute as oarsmen. But it is absurd to deduce from a defeat such as we have just suffered the conviction that our oarsmen are degenerate. I believe firmly that we have never had at any previous time a larger number of good oars, and that never before has the general standard of rowing been so high. Within the last two years records have been "established" (I fancy that is the correct expression) both at Henley and over the Putney to Mortlake course, in the one case by a Leander crew in 1891, in the other by the Oxford crew of the present year. I should have felt perfectly confident in backing either of those crews against any that a foreign

country could bring against them. There never has been a crew in which a critic could not pick some defect; there never has been an oarsman so perfect but that a coach could here and there hint to him a fault. But, on the whole, I think most critics and coaches will agree that these two record-breaking crews gave us as fine an example of combined power and style as we could well wish to see. We have rarely within my experience lacked good crews. The Cambridge crew of 1876, the Oxford crew of 1878, the Leander crew of 1880, the London crew of 1881, the Eton crew of 1884, the Trinity Hall crew of 1887, the Cambridge crew of 1888, the Thames Rowing Club crew of the same year, the London Rowing Club crew of 1890—all these were notable examples of admirable crews, but the two crews I have specially mentioned could, I think, have held their own with any one of them over any course. And men whose experience of rowing goes much further back than mine will, I am sure, bear me out when I say that the general standard of good amateur rowing amongst us is infinitely higher now than it was some thirty or forty years ago. The sport is followed by a far greater number, there are more good rowing clubs, and the rivalry is very much keener. So much, then, for degeneracy. I do not believe in it for a single moment.

Men have been heard to say that the devotion of our young men to lawn-tennis, to bicycling, and even to golf, must, in the end, injuriously affect the older sports; that our boat clubs, for instance, must dwindle before the advance of the clubs that are special to links and tees. I doubt it. It seems to me incredible that, at Oxford or Cambridge, ordinarily strong, healthy, and active lads will ever consent to give up the fierce and energetic joys of oarsmanship for the mild pleasures of golf. He must be a bold man who would speak in dispraise of the game of Mr. Horace Hutchinson, Mr. Harry Furniss, and Mr. Andrew Lang. But I fancy that the soaring human boy as we find him at our Universities will always prefer, and rightly prefer, the labour of the oar to the pursuit of a golf ball. But rowing, I can hear some carper saying, lasts so short a time. Within a year or two after leaving the University your mighty oarsman gets fat and his favourite exercise becomes impossible. Then will he envy the brighter souls who shine in red coats at St. Andrews or Wimbledon, and curse the day that made him a rowing man. All prejudice and ignorance, say I. No man need get fat if he only continues a course of fairly regular exercise, and I can promise him, moreover, that his power to row well

and his pleasure in the exercise will stay with him much longer than he thinks if only he will shake himself free from the ridiculous idea that nobody can row decently after he has passed, say, his twenty-fourth year. One of the best strokes of the present day, a man who within the last four years has twice won the Grand at Henley, in addition to countless smaller races, can, if he likes (which, as a rule, he does not), speak of himself as one

> Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
> Claudere lustrum.

His style and length were the admiration of all beholders at Henley this year. Beach, the ex-champion professional sculler, never handled a pair of sculls, I believe, until he was thirty-four, but he managed for all that to make most of the younger men sing very small between 1883, when he beat Hanlan on the Paramatta River, and 1887, when he won his last championship race and retired. I know a veteran of nearly seventy who could give most University oars many points in watermanship and the skilful management of boats of every kind, from the sculling gig to the gondola. I have known him to row more than fifty miles in one day in an eight and come in from the expedition far fresher than most of his younger companions. And within the last month I saw the stroke-oar of his treble-sculling boat maliciously attempt the veteran's destruction by rowing 38-40 strokes a minute for a mile and a-half, only to find that when the lock was reached he himself was panting in distress and his bow oarsman was a pulp, while the indomitable old man was ready to turn round and start back again directly. I have an intimate acquaintance with another who, from a rowing point of view, is of a hoary antiquity, though, judged by the standard applied to politicians, he might reasonably consider himself a lad; but during the fourteen years that have passed since he took his degree he has allowed none to go by without a period of training, and for most of them he has some small trophy (unimportant it may be, but still a trophy won in a race for light ships) to show. The fact is, our rowing men let their rowing wither and their girth increase too early. It is for us, oh my brothers of more (many more) than twenty-four summers, that country-house boat clubs exist through the whole length of the Thames; for us are the smaller and happier up-river regattas; for us the delightful expeditions with lunch in the bow and beauty in the stern in the shape of a lady coxswain. Even if we cannot row races we can still stir the

depths of the Thames in a gig, and show a younger generation what "form" really was in the great days when Plancus was Consul. Do not imagine that it is necessary to prepare for yourselves a melancholy middle age by abandoning the oar and devoting yourselves exclusively to golf clubs. And as to golf—well, I intended to be circumspect, but it must out. Is it not high time that a warning voice should be raised? The doctors have alarmed the mothers of England by what they have said about bicycles, and the hollow chests, bent backs, and general debility that result from their immoderate and improper use. The upper portions of Englishmen, it seems, are being slowly sapped by a pernicious exercise which gives them enormous calves, and an inverted letter S threatens to become our type of manly beauty. But are these the only, or even the greatest, dangers that the maternal heart may anticipate? Is not more to be feared from the absorbing pursuit that has converted our country commons into sieves and covered them with the red flags of danger? The bicycle-chest may be dreadful, but I think the golf-straddle, the golf-waggle, and the golf-twist are at least as alarming. Whenever I meet a friend coming along Pall Mall with his legs wide apart, his head and shoulders twisted round backwards, and his hands aimlessly swaying his umbrella, I know at once what has happened to him. The golf bacillus has got him. Henceforth, though he may be a good husband, an indulgent father, a kind friend, and a sound man of business, he is lost—hopelessly, irretrievably lost. The beautiful sights and sounds of nature have for him no sweetness (unless, indeed, that sweetness be linked and drawn out over eighteen holes). He who in happier days was content to argue on foreign policy or the latest literary marvel now discusses with a fatal zest the last attempt of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club to codify its rules and bring them down to the level of the Southern understanding; his dreams are disturbed by nightmare visions of bunkers; his days are made hateful to him by stimies; and he would think nothing of losing the world if only he could manage not to miss the globe. Truly, a terrible picture. I do not insist on vagaries of speech. Nearly every sport has its own. But it is, of course, well known that there is a variety of language special to bunkers which is unmatched for florid picturesqueness and concentrated force. I have seen an inferior oarsman miss many a stroke with a serenity which ought to have served as an example to his coach, but no golfer ever did it without expressing a wish to destroy something or somebody. I have played golf myself, but I have long since given up the game for the

sake of my health and my peace of mind. Is it too late to ask the public to recognise these dangers, and to pause in its mad golfing career? Let our doctors break their conspiracy of silence, and proclaim the truth that golf is simply a disease—a disease which may possibly yield to firm treatment, but on which reason and expostulation are thrown away.

It is curious that the Scotch should take an entirely wrong view of these matters. Here is an example which shows that amongst them aversion from the game and its instruments is looked upon as a sure sign of illness. One of the most enthusiastic golfers at St. Andrews last year was the three-year-old son of one of the caddies. He was not able to walk much or far, but wherever he went or was carried he clutched his clubs and his golf-balls in his hands. One night his mother came rushing to Dr. M. in a dreadful state, imploring him to come at once, as "wee Johnnie was ill, and they didna' know what to do wi' him." The doctor asked her what was the matter, but she couldn't explain. "But what are the child's symptoms?" "Weel, sir," was the answer, "*he'll no' look at his clubs!*" That was all. They felt he must be at death's door if the sight of his clubs failed to revive him. And to this condition of mind the English must also come if the warnings I have given be unheeded. In the matter of golf, then, let what I have said suffice for this article. On some future occasion it may be that I shall have to sing a golfing palinode. No man can make certain that he will be wise for ever even in sport. But for the present I am content. And finally let me come back to my own subject, and end with rowing. If I have written of it with enthusiasm it is because I have a genuine and well-tried love for the sport. The rich man cannot purchase for himself honour in it; the poor man cannot fail of his reward if only he toil with constancy and with loyalty. In what other exercise shall a man so thoroughly learn to cherish as virtues not merely the accidents of strength and lung power, but that spirit of ordered submission, of unselfish work, of mutual tolerance and courtesy, of enduring energy and untiring zeal, without which the labour of a crew would be brought to nought? If I may count on my appeal reaching to the ears of the freshmen who have lately thronged to Oxford and Cambridge, I would ask them not to recoil from the oar because at first the task of wielding it may be monotonous and hard. The delights and the rewards come later, but they are certain even for the honest worker who never rises above his torpid or his Lent-boat. If they will not listen to me

they may perhaps heed the words of Mr. Andrew Lang, golfer though he be. I quote from *Oxford: Historical and Picturesque Notes.*

"He (the rowing man) will, perhaps, pretend to suffer from the monotony of boating shop, boating society, and broad-blown boating jokes. But this appears to be a harmless affectation. The old breakfasts, wines and suppers, the honest boating slang, will always have an attraction for him. The summer term will lose its delight when the May races are over. Boating men are the salt of the University, so steady, so well-disciplined, so good-tempered are they. The sport has nothing selfish or personal in it; men row for their college or their university: not like running men, who run, as it were, each for his own hand. Whatever may be his work in life, a boating man will stick to it. His favourite sport is not expensive, and nothing can possibly be less luxurious. He is often a reading man." And with this tribute to the virtues of oarsmen I think this article may fitly conclude.

R. C. LEHMANN.

LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

LITERATURE.

IN one of the treason trials of the last century the presiding judge rebuked Erskine for addressing a Crown witness under cross-examination as "good Mr. Spy." It is to be gathered both from the title-page of his book and from more than one passage contained in it that if Major Le Caron had been under the hand of the famous advocate on that occasion he would have deprecated his lordship's interposition. For in the second title of *Twenty-five Years in the Secret Service* (Heinemann) the Major unflinchingly adopts Erskine's blunt description of his calling, and presents the record of his career as the *Recollections of a Spy*. The story which such a man should have to tell ought presumably to be interesting; and it is. If some of its revelations have been anticipated in the evidence given by the author before the Special Commission, that he may fairly plead is no fault of his; and he has added a sufficiency of new matter for the gratification of the curious. On the political import of his disclosures this is no place to dwell; it must suffice to say in these strictly neutral pages that the "Spy" relates his experiences in a clear and businesslike fashion, not without occasional traces of a feeling for the dramatic and picturesque. If, in his introduction, he carries his courageous acceptance of his name of reproach to the point of somewhat unduly magnifying his office, that is a human weakness which may well be treated with indulgence. The spy, like another no less useful and, indeed, indispensable servant of the State—the public executioner—has this standing grievance against society: that it uses and yet despises him; and it argues self-control on his part if he contents himself with a vindication of the purity of his motives and refrains from denunciations of the hypocrisy of his fellow-citizens. And when he protests against the starving of the secret service by a Government which yet cannot do without it, he talks undeniable sense. It is no excuse for doing

a thing by halves that the doer is more than half ashamed of doing it at all. Dirty work is none the less dirty for being done ineffectively; and, indeed, the only excuse for putting your hand into muddy water is that you put it in deep enough to bring out what you want. It is, or should be, just as repugnant to the finer feelings to subsidise treachery on the smaller as on the larger scale, and if the Government is to send men into the market to buy traitors we quite agree with Major Le Caron that it should provide its agents with money enough to buy them "very fine and large," and possessed of an amount of useful information which the petty conspirators are, of course, in no position to acquire.

Another volume of poems from Mr. Meredith. Not of the kind, this one, which has gained him his largest and most nearly "popular" audience, such as was the recent reprint of his beautiful and powerful *Modern Love*, but rather, on the other hand, belonging to that esoteric order of his poetry which only "Meredithians of the Inner Circle" appreciate. *The Empty Purse* (Macmillan) is not, like the *Modern Love*, a profound and subtle study of human passion, preserved by sheer intensity of poetic feeling and ardour of poetic imagination from descent into mere psychological analysis; nor, like *A Reading of Earth*, does it illustrate the saving grace of these same qualities in giving life and colour to mystical musings upon Nature. The title-piece is what it calls itself, a sermon or homily on life addressed to a later "prodigal son," and there are not many hands in which it would be other than a sermon cut up into lengths and capped with rhymes, and nothing more. But in the hands of Mr. Meredith it becomes a true poem, and a fine one to boot—that is to say, it produces that "fusion of thought and emotion at a high temperature" which in prose is the distinguishing mark of great oratory, and which, with the addition of rhythmic charm and a certain indefinable distinction of form, becomes philosophic poetry. It is didactic, indeed, almost directly so, as are all Mr. Meredith's pieces of this kind; and those who are for limiting poetry to a mere record of momentary impressions and excluding it from the broad domain of Ideas will doubtless find this a stumbling-block on the very threshold. To such I can only recommend an open-minded perusal of the poem, accompanied by a willingness to admit as a general proposition that that which produces the emotional effect proper to poetry must be a poem; and I shall have no fear of the result either in the case of "The Empty Purse" or in that of the noble piece of stoical meditation entitled "Youth in Memory." For those, however, who, whether recognising or denying

the merit of these two numbers, prefer to meet Mr. Meredith again as a poet of Nature, "The Night of Frost in May" has a treasure of delight in store—a feast of light and colour, of music and word magic, which no living poet can spread for them in such splendid abundance as Mr. Meredith, when he is, as he is here, at his best.

"Have you not read the 'Rights of Man,' by Tom Paine? Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids, ready to fall as soon as you have told your pitiful story." Thus did the friend of man address the needy knife grinder in Canning's mocking Sapphics; and the question remained unanswered. We only know that "Story, God bless you! he had none to tell, sir," but whether he had or had not read the "Rights of Man" we shall never know. Probably even in those days of its greatest vogue it was little read by knife grinders; and in our own times we may take it that the book is not very often consulted even by persons above the rank of a travelling tinker. Perhaps the other no less famous work of the same author, the "Age of Reason," is not much more extensively read to-day, or its perusal, at any rate, should have served to correct the prevailing impression that it is the production of an atheist. It is of this unfounded and injurious belief that Mr. Moncure Conway, in his *Life of Thomas Paine* (Putnam's Sons), has laboured to disabuse mankind. Nor, it must be admitted, without success. The length of his work, an impartial critic must crave leave to say, is decidedly out of proportion to the importance of its subject; but it is a thorough and most painstaking performance, and it undoubtedly establishes the author's contention that Paine was not an atheist, but a deist of the Franklin type, only, if possible, "more so." Further it shows, one must admit, that the imputations on Paine's domestic morals are not proven, and that if his weekly allowance of rum was assessed with somewhat undue liberality, its effect upon him hardly justified the charge of habitual drunkenness. And considering that "poor Tom" has been, figuratively speaking, "whipped from tything to tything," and "stocked, punished, and imprisoned" for the better part of a century, to have proved this is to have proved much: Mr. Conway might well have been content with it. It is a pity that he should have attempted to prove more, and that "poor Tom," who was a shrewd, but half-educated, political agitator, with some constructive ability as a constitution-maker and a pretty knack of controversial style, should figure in his pages in the quite unrecognisable character of a profound religious thinker and a pioneer of modern political thought.

A single but perfect quatrain of one exquisite lyric would have sufficed to endear Waller to all lovers of poetry for all time, even if he had written nothing else: and for Waller's sake Saccharissa, name and all, must necessarily be dear too. Indeed, it is a signal testimony to the strength of our sense of obligation to the poet that it has enabled us to forgive him that name (which might as well have been Sugarina at once), and to feel all becoming interest in the lady on whom he inflicted it. Hence it is with a pleased expectancy that one opens the volume which Mrs. Henry Ady has dedicated to her. But *Saccharissa* (Seeley and Co.) is, it must be confessed, a disappointing book. Dorothy Sidney remains at the end of it a "sort of a shadowy being" like the ghost described by Johnson. We do not doubt that Mrs. Ady has made the best use of her scanty materials, and that she has only under pressure of absolute necessity eked them out with details relating to other members of Saccharissa's family and her multitudinous connections by marriage. Nevertheless the fact, alas! remains that there is but a halfpenny worth of Dorothy to an intolerable quantity of Sidneys in general. Yet the book, though tantalising in this respect, is pleasantly written, and there is a touch of the pathetic, for those, at least, to whom the *lacrymæ rerum* do not appeal in vain, in the very scantiness of the procurable facts about this famous beauty and model of ladyhood, who seems to have filled a place of honour among her own sex almost equal to that held among the "great gentlemen" of his time by her renowned kinsman, Sir Philip Sidney. The canvas of Vandyke shows us a fair but not strikingly beautiful woman, and contemporary records give us little or no insight into her spiritual and intellectual charm. The sallies of her wit, her words of wisdom, have perished as irrecoverably as the lips that uttered them. "That graceful motion, that awful mien, that cunning attraction," of which the *Tatler* recalled the memory to a later generation, have hardly left any other memorial behind them than some such chance reference of a later essayist. *Pulvis et umbra sumus.*

No writer of the present day can discourse more pleasantly on science than Sir John Lubbock. To compare his treatment of this subject with those well-meant, but ill-advised, deliverances of his on the subject of life and literature, which did so disastrously loose the tongue of all Prigdom throughout the land, is to set the natural side by side with the artificial—the work to which a man is born with the work to which he would only fain believe himself, and on insufficient evidence

to have a vocation. True it is that some of the vices contracted or confirmed in the course of the literary and moral lucubrations aforesaid appear still to cling to this otherwise agreeable writer. He does not always "dare to be himself," and will every now and again drop into poetry on inadequate provocation, or encumber his page with the irrelevant wit and wisdom of other authors, forgetful of that difficult canon which should always be before the eyes of him who would quote without offence—namely, that the quotation should, without being obvious, be yet inevitable. But when Sir John Lubbock is content to be Sir John Lubbock, and "beholden to no prince or peer" of literature "alive," he is as in the *Beauties of Nature* (Macmillan) a mighty pleasant companion through the highways and byways of physical science.

The recent publication of certain sermons of the late Archbishop of York has been followed by the appearance of another record of his work, in a capacity in which he shone perhaps even more, and assuredly no less, than that of the preacher. This volume of his *Addresses and Letters* (Isbister and Co.) contains all the best known and most admired efforts of Dr. Magee's oratory from the first and most famous speech on the Irish Church Bill onward. Mr. Charles J. Magee, who has undertaken the pious task of editing them, has done his work with care and accuracy, though it may perhaps be thought with almost too punctilious a discretion; if a fault leaning so to virtue's side be a fault at all. Take, for instance, the then Bishop of Peterborough's excellently humorous speech on the Ecclesiastical Court and Registries Bill—the speech in which he described Lord Shaftesbury as seeking to conciliate Dissenters by "giving them a share in the privilege of cheap ecclesiastical prosecutions, just as he might conciliate a poor relation or some squire who had a vote in his county by giving him a day or two's shooting in his preserves." In this speech, as it so happens, I have been able to detect an (apparently editorial) excision by which it assuredly loses, without, so far as I can perceive, any compensatory gain. The Bishop was relating how, if a certain Wesleyan preacher "could only have found in the large diocese of Peterborough two other persons as silly as himself, he might have burdened the Church with a wretched lawsuit, &c." In this passage, as actually delivered, the Bishop, I well remember, after stating the condition that the would-be prosecutor had only to "find two other persons as silly as himself," characteristically interjected, "a serious preliminary difficulty, I quite admit." This has now disappeared from the text. But why? The Wesleyan preacher's name is not mentioned,

and surely Peterborough, in spite of its political vagaries, deserves the implied compliment.

In *The Fate of Herbert Wayne* (Chatto and Windus) Mr. E. J. Goodman has given us another of his excellent "detective stories," as Mr. Louis Stevenson has generically named this now large and still increasing class of literature—the story of the secret crime, or suspected crime, which puzzles the reader down to the moment of enlightenment in the last chapter. It would be unfair both to Mr. Goodman and his readers to spoil his mystery and their pleasure by revealing the plot. Suffice it to say that the secret is not only well maintained to the end, but—what is not always the case in these stories— maintained by strictly fair means, and that, in so far as the reader is misled by the author, he is misled in a "sportsmanlike" fashion, and in strict accordance with the well-understood, if unwritten, laws of this peculiar game.

H. D. TRAILL.

THE DRAMA.

IN the old pirate stories, dear to my boyhood, the swarthy corsair of the Spanish Main was wont to sit smoking on the powder barrel, with a belt full of pistols, while he swore strange oaths and discussed the booty. At first blush this recklessness seems no part of the dramatic critic's business, though he may have a fierce longing to make some playwrights walk the plank, and to sing this travesty of Mr. Stevenson (for which I am sending apologies to Samoa):

> Sixteen scribes on the dead play's chest,
> Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of ink!

But looking back to an evening spent in the Haymarket Theatre, I see that I must have sat symbolically on a sinister keg inscribed with the fateful name of Ibsen. Mr. Edward Rose, good, easy man, had acknowledged his debt to a scene in a Norwegian drama for the third act of *Agatha Tylden*. That was the spark from the dare-devil clay pipe which blew us into the air, for straightway the anti-Ibsenites fell upon Mr. Rose's Norwegian ethics, charged his hero with torturing a woman and extorting "sentimental blackmail," and pictured that gentleman as a man-monster, the male counterpart of Norah Helmer. It was all the more startling to me to be projected into the blue by such an explosion as I had supposed the moral of Mr. Rose's play to

be directed against the quintessence of Ibsenism, expounded by Mr. Bernard Shaw. Here was a young woman who disdained love and embraced shipping, who had received at Girton a commercial education which made her prefer timber to toilettes and a ship's lantern as a beacon to Hymen's torch. She rejected her lover, and strove for ten years to carry on the business bequeathed by her father. She buried herself in ledgers, and could rarely spare a moment from telegrams, invoices, and the telephone. And yet at the end of that time she was insolvent without knowing it, and when she learned the truth from her old admirer, who disguises the ardour of his passion under the impassiveness of a bankruptcy commissioner, she flung herself at his feet, and then tried to commit suicide. The whole point of the drama is that of a woman who wishes to play a man's part in the world. Agatha's ambition is a signal failure, and therefore I have a reasonable complaint against the anti-Ibsenite critics, who have sent me scudding into the firmament by firing the wrong train.

In this play the element of commerce is all-absorbing, and you feel that an apprenticeship in Fenchurch Street is necessary to a proper appreciation of Miss Tylden's adventures. I used to think that the iron ore in *New Men and Old Acres* was a pretty tough material for a plot, but it is nothing to the balance-sheet of "Tylden's." Then there is a mysterious inquisitor, in the person of the rejected lover who can quote everybody's liabilities with deadly calm at a moment's notice. As the simplest column of figures was always a trial to me, I listened to Mr. Lewis Waller with positive awe. I believe he could tell me the amount of specie in the vaults of the Bank of England, and divide it by thirteen in the same breath. An incarnation of the differential calculus could not be more forbidding in this particular aspect. But for all that, the human side of the character is forcible and impressive. Hugh Aynesworth finds his sweetheart in such a mortal strait that only a petition in bankruptcy can extricate her without utter disgrace. Her offer to marry him does not alter the situation from the Fenchurch Street standpoint, and if he talks like a ledger rather than a lover, the ledger dictates the plain morality of the episode. It is perfectly unconventional, no doubt, for Aynesworth to press the business factor on the humiliated woman who has made such a muddle of her affairs that she is threatened with dishonour, and I daresay the majority of playgoers would prefer to see him take the lady in his arms and dry her tears in the good old way. But Agatha Tylden has incurred the responsibilities of a man, and she cannot

be made to meet them in this supreme crisis by mere fondling. The imperative justice of the case demands that the common pleas of womanly weakness shall be disregarded. She has appealed to Fenchurch Street, and to Fenchurch Street she must go. It was a daring idea to challenge the whole tradition which makes a woman irresponsible in affairs simply because she is a woman. The critics who rage against "sentimental blackmail" would like to see Aynesworth treat Agatha as a spoiled child, with the "Did she go and make herself insolvent, and dabble her pretty hands in fraud, the naughty pet?" style of address, which is the conventional method of soothing women in the modern British drama. Inspired or not by wicked Norwegians, Mr. Rose has the courage to work out his problem, without any deference to the sentiment of theorists who cannot even see that his argument against the unlimited individuality of woman is vastly more plausible than theirs.

All this, I admit, does not make *Agatha Tylden* a good play, and I have some sympathy with the gentleman who, having moiled for eight hours in Fenchurch Street, betakes himself for entertainment to the Haymarket only to breathe the too familiar atmosphere of a ship-broker's office. On the theory that the duty of a dramatist is to amuse, to take the weary toiler out of the round of his affairs, and set him in a fairyland where nobody does anything in the least like actual life, Mr. Rose's drama must be voted a bore. But to some of us the boredom of this fairyland is the most intolerable incubus that ever took an alias and called itself Art. I am not sure that the actuality of *Agatha Tylden* will bear a rigid analysis, but it has moments when the characters seem to have some affinity with experience. It has an original interest, not entirely crushed by the tonnage of the ships which Miss Tylden values far too highly in her all-pervading balance-sheet. Moreover, when I think of the play which preceded it at this theatre, I am prompted to congratulate Mr. Rose on the achievement of a masterpiece. *The Queen of Manoa* was fairyland. The sovereignty of the fairy monarch extended from a fabulous city in Mexico to a weir on the Thames. She waved a wand, and *presto*, a respectable simpleton of a baronet in acts one and two became a sage and successful oracle in act three. A husband, with no eye for a flirtation which advertised itself like a sky-sign, suddenly turned the tables on his wife's lover by giving her sensible advice. The example was infectious. The wife proceeded to advise the lover by moonlight. "Go back to Nature," said she persuasively, and back he went—into the weir. Charlotte did not

go on cutting bread and butter, for that occupation is not becoming to a baronet's wife; but I have no doubt she wore her diamond tiara with her customary grace at her next reception.

A perfectly bad play has its uses as an ideal standard of failure. Comparison becomes complicated when you have to keep in your head a graduated scale; and I am grateful to the authors of *The Queen of Manoa* for a decisive test of an unsatisfactory experiment—a kind of spirit-level, so to speak, which should determine whether any play possesses an absolutely unrelieved expanse of blankness. I thought the spirit-level came very near akin to *The Awakening*, until some meritorious dialogue spoiled the affinity. There was a sportive young woman, one Archie Ripon, who said some fresh and piquant things, and there was a remarkably *naïf* hero who offered a sheltering arm to another man's wife in these impressive terms: "I cannot leave you to face your husband alone and unprotected." Such disinterested chivalry is rare, and the memory of it is sustaining. But what a poor thing is a dramatic scale or standard in the presence of such a monumental work as *The Prodigal Daughter?* I can only admire the wisdom with which Sir Augustus Harris invites the public to his theatre, not to see some commonplace drama, but to worship the national animal. Caligula made his horse a Consul, and Voluptuary deserves to be a Sheriff. This is none of your ordinary horse-flesh, with the tradition of the circus. This is the actual winner of an actual steeplechase, which is reproduced on the stage of Drury Lane with a vivid fidelity that set me all aglow with the fervour of the betting man. To sit passive instead of leaping to my feet with the slogan, "Two to one, bar one!" was a task of the sternest self-repression. There was poetry in the scene, as well as the latest odds. I remembered a certain couplet about some worthy of whom it is written:

> He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
> Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

Here you see the superiority of Sir Augustus Harris. The drama is not dearer to him than Voluptuary. That noble beast is more to multitudes who visit Drury Lane than all the dramas that ever were written. "Better a good horse than a bad play" is a maxim to which I heartily subscribe, the more as it embodies the total irrelevance of *The Prodigal Daughter* to any canon of dramatic workmanship.

I am grateful to Sir Augustus Harris for a wholesome discipline.

There is no reminder of which the critic is more in need than that the business of catering for the public amusement has nothing to do with our petty theories of art. I like the word caterer, for it suggests a dramatic restaurant, in which there is plentiful fare for every honest appetite. Here you need not pretend that you want to satisfy your cravings with Ibsen or even Shakespeare, but you just fall to without shame on the solid rumpsteak and the tripe and onions of Drury Lane. If the genial caterer asks you in his playful way whether you would prefer to appease your hunger with a Scandinavian wind, you applaud the merry jest, and order another dish *à la* Voluptuary. After that are served domestic pudding with *Lights of Home* sauce, cheese and butter (*Our Boys* "Dossett"), and—happy thought!—a savoury, with plenty of *Pink Dominos* cayenne, completes a repast which inspires the sturdy playgoer with a sense of duty done. There are caterers and there are artists, and as the former are in the larger way of business they are entitled to plume themselves on the distinction. Think, moreover, of the responsibility of providing sheer amusement, unmitigated by any serious interest, for people who hail a costermonger's barrow on the stage as a subtle homage to their experience of the world. I once heard a gentleman in a music-hall warble a ballad with the refrain, "That's life in the East End of London." It was not a very penetrating survey of humanity in that quarter, but it had horizon enough for its purpose. The costermonger's barrow is a whole picture alphabet of life to many playgoers. But the people to whom Drury Lane is a sort of Noah's ark are more easily satisfied with their playthings than the educated person who wants to spend an evening in some place where he can have a good laugh. It is to gratify this exacting patron that the town is full of comic operas. For him has been created that portent which goes by the name of Arthur Roberts. That this is an actual personage I entirely disbelieve. He is a symbol, an articulate parable, a living epitome of the effervescence which calls itself life in the West End of London. He will have his day and cease to be, like the empty champagne bottle which floats down the Thames, and is of no startling account when it arrives at the Nore. There is humour in this abstract and brief chronicle of the "Johnnies" of his hour, for has he not said that the variety stage presents a more wholesome style of entertainment than of yore? The wholesomeness of *In Town* is not enlisted in the noble army of self-evident truths, but, to parody George Sand, laughter is the virtue of the music-hall droll. To this complexion